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CONTENTS.

REVIEWS	PAGE
The End of Pusey's Life	417
Renan	418
Mr. Henley's Anthology	419
Open-air Journalism	421
New Verse	421
Lost Empires	422
White Man's Africa	423
BRIEF MENTION	423
NOTES AND NEWS	425
EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM: VI., CRASHAW	427
HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE	428
WHAT THE PEOPLE READ: V., AN OMNIBUS DRIVER... ..	429
PRINTERS' ERRORS	429
THE BOOK MARKET	430
AN ACADEMY OF LETTERS	431
THE WEEK	432
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED... ..	433
FICTION SUPPLEMENT	109-112

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This is the more to be regretted as, with this volume, we come upon events where the most fervent partisan can hardly deny that Pusey's judgment was singularly at fault. In 1855 the late Dr. Jowett was appointed Regius Professor of Greek, an office to which the magnificent stipend of £38 a year was then attached, and three years later a motion came before the Hebdomadal Council to raise the endowment by £300 a year. But Jowett, in the very year of his appointment, had published an essay on the Doctrine of the Atonement of which Pusey disapproved, and he therefore thought, to use his own words, that “we should be declaring ourselves indifferent to Prof. Jowett's disbelief if we make the grant.”

He accordingly, by Keble's advice, opposed it, not directly, but on the ground that the Crown had already quite enough influence in the University, and that if a professor's stipend were to be increased the University should have some check on his appointment; and the proposal for the increase was twice rejected. Then came a change in the composition of the Council, and Pusey approached Mr. Gladstone to get Lord Palmerston's assent to a scheme whereby the endowments of both the Regius Professorships of Greek and Civil Law should be increased and appointments made to them on the recommendation of a Board comprising representatives of the University. The assent came in 1861, but in the meantime party passions had been aroused, and the unfortunate *Essays and Reviews* had been published. Some of Pusey's “nearest friends,” say his biographers, “were determined, even before the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, not in any way to endow the chair of Greek so long as it was held by Jowett.” A statute increasing the stipends of the Professor of Greek and six other professors was therefore opposed by Pusey and rejected by Congregation by a very narrow majority. Then Pusey and two other professors prosecuted Jowett for heresy in the Vice-Chancellor's Court with the intention of depriving him of his chair; but the prosecution failed on the defendant challenging the jurisdiction of the court over a professor who had been appointed by the Crown alone. At last Pusey saw that the question of stipend had become “hopelessly a bad battle-ground,” and wrote to Keble that he hardly thought it “tact” to resist. He afterwards himself proposed the increase of the endowment in Congregation in a speech in which he said: “We are at the beginning of a deepening and widening struggle . . . for the life and death of the Church of England as an instrument of God for the salvation of souls”—and was defeated by Archdeacon Denison after a heavy division. It was not until after six years of most tangled controversy that the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church cut the knot by granting Jowett £500 a year out of their own funds. This was not the only instance in which Pusey found that the devil of party spirit was easier to raise than to lay.

We pass over the Oxford Declaration as to the Inspiration of Scripture and Eternal Punishment, stigmatised, we believe unjustly, by Frederick Denison Maurice as a threat to the clergy that they would lose their cures as Jowett had very nearly lost his chair if they did not assert what Pusey and his friends asserted, and we come to the great effort of Pusey's life, the attempt to reunite the Roman and Anglican Churches. Pusey's attention seems first to have been drawn to this by a pamphlet of Manning's on the Roman view of the English Church, to which Pusey, after his manner, instantly set about preparing a reply. In the course of study for this purpose he thought that he saw his way to accepting most of the decrees of the Council of Trent, with an exception that he thus explains to Newman:

“Now if, as I believe, the system in regard

to the Blessed Virgin is the chief hindrance to reunion, and if a declaration by authority that something which does not necessarily involve this (as the Council of Trent with Miller's explanation) is alone of faith, would remove that chief hindrance to reunion, then an intelligible ground is given for the request—”

the request, of course, being that the Roman Church would issue some authoritative statement on the subject. With this view he published his first “Eirenicon,” had his first interview with Newman since the latter's conversion, wrote a letter to Mr. Gladstone—whose reply, not here published, must be curious reading—and took a journey to France to interest the French bishops in the matter. Here he was so kindly received that he succeeded in persuading himself that poor Archbishop Darboy (afterwards murdered by the Communists) “acknowledged our succession and the grace of our Sacraments,” and returned home full of the new scheme, although hoping, apparently, that “what is the practical system of the Roman Church everywhere” would not “become the practical system here.” Newman counselled delay, but Pusey was stirred up by the news of an Ecumenical Council to be held in Rome the following year (it was then 1865), and would not wait. Early in 1866 another visit to France followed, and then came correspondence with the French bishops, with Newman, the Old Catholics, and with Liddon, and the drawing up of documents defining Pusey's position on various points of faith. Newman hinted to him more than once that while Rome would welcome him on his making submission, she would hold no parley with an ambassador trying to make terms for a contracting party by which he was not properly accredited. A quite unauthorised invitation from a Jesuit named De Buck to Bishop Forbes of Brechin to attend the Ecumenical Council, “with Dr. Pusey as his theologian,” raised high his hopes, and he read into the Jesuit's offers the following terms:

“Actual married clergy will be allowed to officiate, retaining their wives; but there will be no relaxation as to celibacy: those who now have the Cup will be allowed it still, but it would be only to those individuals.”

At length came the disillusionment. De Buck was summoned to Rome and ordered by the Inquisition to put an end to his correspondence with “heterodox Anglicans,” and in 1870 the Ultramontane propositions, which for some time had been seen to be inevitable, were passed by the Council *en bloc*. In these Pusey himself recognised the deathblow to the fabric which he had so perseveringly reared.

We have dealt thus at length with this episode in Pusey's life, not merely from its intrinsic importance, but because it seems to give us best the measure of the man. Himself transparently sincere, he could never understand that men of the world may not always mean by their words what their unworried hearers think them to mean, or that they are not always as whole-hearted in the pursuit of their objects as Pusey was himself. Hence he continued with blundering earnestness to pester French bishops and Belgian Jesuits with terms of reunion,

and to pour forth Eirenicon after Eirenicon like olive-branches (as Newman told him) "from a catapult," without perceiving that his correspondents were anxious not to unite the two Churches, but to drag him into their own. This, too, explains the impatience with which he regarded any attempt at impartiality or hesitation as a facing both ways, and often led him into harsh judgments. "I do not want you to balance in public," he writes to Mr. Gladstone when the latter was halting between Oxford and South-west Lancashire; and "our Presbyterianising Archbishop" is the language which he bestows on Dr. Tait for dealing healingly with the subject of Auricular Confession. Yet he was easy to lead by those who knew how to take him the right way, and he declared that in both his great controversies he had met with more support from Bishop Wilberforce than from any other prelate on the bench. As for Mr. Gladstone, he quarrelled with him on his appointment of Dr. Temple to the See of Exeter, and, characteristically enough, made it up with him when he found him defending the Athanasian Creed. A man of narrow mind, perhaps, but of a strong and simple nature, we should say, and one whom, when once understood, it was impossible not to respect and like.

With the exception mentioned above, the editors seem to have done their work with tact and discretion. It is significant that throughout the four volumes there is none but the briefest reference to Pusey's duties as Professor of Hebrew. Archbishop Laurence, one of his predecessors in this chair, made himself famous by his translation of the Book of Enoch from the Ethiopic. Dr. Nicoll, whom Pusey followed, reduced to order the Augean mass of Oriental MSS. in the Bodleian, and was so distinguished a Semitic scholar that Pusey thought his loss would be more felt on the Continent than in England. But Pusey, though he wrote to the Duke of Wellington on his appointment that he would endeavour to show his gratitude by "a sincere and earnest devotion to the duties of the office," seems never to have taken his professorship seriously, and regretted to one of his correspondents that the few years spent by him in completing Dr. Nicoll's catalogue of MSS. had been lost to theology. Surely in this he forgot that he owed something to Caesar as well as to God.

RENAN.

Renan. By Mme. Darmesteter. (Methuen & Co.)

MME. DARMESTETER has already proved in her admirable *Froissart* that her art as a biographer is a rare and distinguished art. In her short volume on Renan she offers us, with delicacy and reticence, a full presentment of a genius so "undulatory and diverse" as his. As a rule the absent quality of the prose of most women writers is charm. They may write brilliantly, they may write profoundly, tenderly, gracefully, cleverly, eloquently. The vast structure of English literature shows us in feminine work

triumphs in each of these styles. But the elusive, penetrative flavour that wins us with its enchantment, which we define as "charm," is rarely to be found here. Perhaps it is because women are usually more concerned with what they have to say than with the manner in which they shall say it; are too satisfied with the hasty and imperfect telling; too restive and precipitate; too remorselessly the idle victims of their own cleverness and fluency to heed the mellowing influence of slow production. For charm in prose is something infinitely more than a matter of temperament, however large a part this may play in its development. Hence such a book as Mme. Darmesteter's comes with a double claim upon our gratitude. It is interpenetrated with the dignity and charm, the mild, bright, classical grace of form and treatment that Renan himself so loved; and it fulfils to the uttermost the delicate and difficult achievement it sets out to accomplish. We have here the whole Renan, a glint of each facet of his variable genius, set in a frame admirably suited to so fascinating a subject; and if the setter's hand be that of a friend, the reader gains by a suggestive and subtle sympathy.

Take the pages with which this distinguished work opens, and you will meet the truth about the poetic and unsatisfactory Celt and his rain-deluged, misted corners of the earth. How vividly, if quietly, Mme. Darmesteter interprets both land and race!

"Remember not only the gaunt and solitary aspect of the place—Trégur, where Renan was born—but the kind of persons who dwell in these small grey cities, at once so damp and so scantily foliaged under the incessant droppings of the uncertain heaven. There is a great indifference to worldly things. And the dreamer—we may count him as 10 per cent. of the population—be he poet, saint, beggar, or merely drunkard—is capable of a pure detachment from material interests which no Buddhist sage could surpass. There is a vibrating 'other worldiness' in the air; the gift of prayer is constant, religious eloquence the brightest privilege, and religious fervour a commonplace. Yet, all round, in the high places and the country holy wells, Mab and Merlin, the fairies and the witches, keep their devotees. And over all the grey, veiled, melancholy distinction, which first strikes us as the note of such a place, there is the special poetic Celtic quality, the almost immaterial beauty which has so lingering a charm."

And again, of the people among whom Renan was born:

"This Breton race, apparently so severe, is one of the most pleasure-loving, and one of the most garrulous in France: a very storehouse of myth and legend, of song and story, of jest and gibe. These melancholy men and maids, visible emblems of renunciation, are capable of mirth and wit and passion. Fond of their glass, quick to repartee, they glory in the gift of the gab, but only when the door is shut on strangers. The extraordinary strength of idealism, the infinite delicacy of sentiment, which form the inmost quintessence of the Celt, impose on him an image of seemliness, a pure decorum, to which he incessantly conforms the old Adam rebellious in his heart. Reserve and passion, prudence and poetry, are equally inherent in him. The very sinner who transgressed most flagrantly at last week's wake or 'Pardon' will show to-day in every act and every word a

serene tranquillity, a justness of thought and phrase which is no more hypocritical than was the passionate fantasy of his falling away."

Mme. Darmesteter concludes this delightful introduction by a paragraph which we must perforce quote:

"Seven hundred years ago the Celtic poets invented a new way of loving. They discovered a sentiment more vague, more tender, than any the Latins or the Germans knew, penetrating to the very source of tears, and at once an infinite aspiration, a mystery, an enigma, a caress. They discovered 'l'amour courtois.' Yesterday their descendant, Ernest Renan, would fain have invented a new way of believing. . . . The 'amour fine' of Launcelot has passed from our books into our hearts; we feel with a finer shade to-day because those Celtic harpers lived and sang. I dare not say that Renan has done as much for Faith—that he has transported it far from the perishable world of creeds and dogmas into the undying domains of a pure feeling. But, at least, the attempt was worthy of a Celt and an idealist."

In this biography one hardly knows what to praise most: the large and easy treatment, the delicate reserve, or the subtle distinction of its style. Renan in English, clothed in all his French grace and charms: this is no ordinary literary achievement. And add to this purely literary triumph the more valuable qualities of veracity, of faithful presentment, of adequate analysis on a broad and sympathetic basis, and you have a work whose solid worth is at least as great as the measured and musical beauty of its form. What could be more complete, outside the exquisite portrait of *Ma Sœur Henriette*, than Mme. Darmesteter's English picture of the austere and devoted Henriette?

"A sort of innocent dignity was hers—a dove-like dignity—made of mildness and quiet and reserve. Nothing of the poetic charm of her birthplace was lost upon the pensive child. The shadow of the convent walls, the stillness, broken at intervals by the clash of church bells, the distant moan of the sea, the half-understood Latin sentences, which the good sisters taught her in the psalter, all were things to be pondered in her heart—subtle influences to mould her tender nature. Her education, if limited, was exquisite."

As one reads on of this rare and beautiful nature, the brother's anguish, still poignant twenty years after her death, is expressed for us in no exaggerated terms in the quotation his biographer and friend gives:

"Ah, see her eyes open! Her long white hand moves out of the coffin. Her face is pale as of old, and her eyes swim in tears. Come, kiss me! Dear, I have so much to tell thee! How many years have passed since thy mortal fever. How weary thou must be with the long journey from thy grave. God knows that in all my joys I have never ceased to long for thy presence; not one happy moment but I would have shared it with thee! Ah, white shadow, open thine eyes, though it be for a quarter of an hour; only one quarter of an hour in which to weep with thee, and expiate my faults towards thee, or suffer thy pious reproaches. Oh, pierced heart, how hast thou made me suffer! In so many hours, bitter and sweet, give me at least a glance."

The skill with which the central figure is handled is remarkable. Never was subject more slippery, personality more elusive, in

spite of the clear, essential virtues that marked this great modern heretic in the eyes of amazed Christendom. His life, as well as his own lips, designed his epitaph: *Veritatem Dilexi*; and somehow, greatly as we may admire the directness, the disinterestedness of that life, its laboriousness and purity, its high endeavour and stupendous achievement, there remains for us, inexplicably, a point of interrogation in the gentle and gracious irony of its optimism; a fatal, underlying sense of the fragility of its strength, a doubt of its tolerant sincerity. Is it in the nature of creature so limited as man to be so broad and so charming, so erudite and so indulgent, and still pursue truth as his only end? Truth seems to us, justly or not, composed of harsher and more uncompromising elements. Its biographer is, like himself, so delicately persuasive, that we would fain stifle this question, and not even ask ourselves if the influence and value of work even so luminous as his will last. The secret of his charm Mme. Darmesteter abundantly and conclusively reveals. He possessed almost every virtue man can consistently lay claim to, and death itself found him, honoured and flattered and admired, with words on his dying lips as sage and lofty as any his master, Marcus Aurelius, could have uttered. But still the doubt remains. As a charmer, as the most exquisite writer of French prose, as a man of delicate but commanding and varied genius, he will, of course, endure as long as the civilised world is susceptible to the beauty of a thing so smooth and musical and enchanting as perfect French prose. But as a thinker? a searcher of light? a moral influence and support? This seems less certain. There is too much grace, too much irony, too pervasive and persuasive a charm not to inspire distrust. Even his biographer cannot hide blemishes that partake too pre-eminently of literary qualities not to mar work of a more exalted kind. He remains undoubtedly, as she claims for him, "the greatest man of genius our generation has known." But the weight of his genius is diminished by the dainty spirit of mockery he so consistently reveals. He writes beautifully on all subjects; but no mood of his can ever stifle the reader's underlying question, even when thoroughly subjugated by him: *Is he serious or not? Is he laughing in his sleeve? Am I the subject of an exquisite joke?* One may be no less alive to the penetrating beauty of his pages, partake not the less in the captivating delight of such a supreme manifestation of the art of beguilement as his, and consciously decline to accept the durability of his influence. One asks oneself if beneath Mme. Darmesteter's very loyal admiration—an admiration as deserved by the man, the thinker, and the writer, as it is dignified and rare in expression—a sounder conviction lies. There is a tinge of the master's optimistic indulgence in her concluding pages:

"The construction of the universe allows for infinite waste. Other germs will bear; all will not be blasted. Evil is a sort of moral carbonic acid gas, mortal when isolated, and a real danger to our existence; and yet, when

combined with other forces, not only innocuous, but even necessary to our vital powers in the present state of their development. The important thing in life is not our misery, our despair, however crushing, but the one good moment which outweighs it all. Man is born to suffer, but he is born to hope."

But one feels in her case a sincerity one is less convinced of in the master's. Indeed, she touches on this inherent moral defect—only permissible in the merely profane writer—in her criticism of his history of David and Solomon, where she condemningly notes his excessive irony and his misplaced "actualities," which give a grotesque air of flippancy to work written with a profound import. And yet, difficult as we may find it to believe that Renan is quite sincere, even when he addresses us in the noblest language, when his whole being reveals itself to us saturated with the moral intoxication of Christian virtue and the beauty of faith, an intoxication consistently fed by the mild austerity of a blameless and beautiful life, we remain willingly captive to his irresistible grace, to the bland and exquisite compulsion of his power. Such a biography as Mme. Darmesteter's we accept as a merited honour to his great name, and a gratifying appearance in days not noted for the frequency of such polished and careful work.

MR. HENLEY'S ANTHOLOGY.

English Lyrics. By W. E. Henley. (Methuen & Co.)

In this book Mr. Henley has done what every other lover of poetry would fain do: he has gathered his favourite lyrical poems together. Most of us are able only to copy them, or possibly merely their titles, in MS. Mr. Henley, being a critical power, has been asked to print his choice, and has complied. Naturally no other person in the world can be expected to approve every selection in these three hundred and sixty-nine pages. Every reader will be able to suggest omissions, but there are few, we fancy, who, taking it as it stands, will not have plentiful praise for Mr. Henley's volume. That, at any rate, is our own position: we are glad to have the book on a shelf contiguous to the armchair by the fire. We have several remarks to make concerning it; we take exception to some inclusions, to its general scheme of arrangement, and also to its form; yet we are glad, very glad, to have the book on a shelf contiguous to the armchair by the fire. That is our dominant feeling.

Primarily, let us thank Mr. Henley for his tremendous gift of lyrical passages from the Old Testament. He has arranged each extract anew in rhythmical lines, with here and there an excision for concentration's sake, and they appear in this book so unexpectedly as almost to constitute a fresh body of poetry. Their unexpectedness is, indeed, well nigh too startling; for the Biblical section comes between a batch of old anonymous Scotch love-poems and Gascoyne's "Lover's Lullaby," and the contrast

between these northern singers warbling their little personal affairs and the mighty Hebrew symbolists is strangely striking. Mr. Henley has placed the section where it is, at the risk of incongruity, in order to keep his chronological sequence intact, and we are too glad to have his treatment of the passages to complain. None the less, the effect is certainly odd, almost disconcerting. The section, without doing any serious violence to the chronological scheme of the book, might have come first. As a specimen of Mr. Henley's arrangement let us quote the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, as he prints it:

"By the rivers of Babylon,
There we sat down, yea, we wept,
When we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps
Upon the willows in the midst thereof.
For there they that carried us away captive
required of us a song;
And they that wasted us required of us mirth,
saying:
Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song
In a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning.
If I do not remember thee,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;
If I prefer not Jerusalem
Above my chief joy.
Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom
In the day of Jerusalem; who said:—Rase it,
rase it,
Even to the foundation thereof.
O daughter of Babylon, who art to be
destroyed,
Happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee
As thou hast served us!
Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth
thy little ones
Against the stones."

Does it not gain—is not its beauty emphasised—by the new arrangement? When we say that Mr. Henley gives fifty-three full pages in all, selecting from Exodus, Samuel, the Psalms, Job, the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Songs, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joel, Amos, and Habakkuk, an idea of the exceptional interest of his volume is communicated. For his other surprises, his new gems—new, that is to say, to the ordinary reader, although familiar enough to the student of English poetry—Mr. Henley has gone to the Bannantyne MS., Tottel's Miscellany, the Royal MS., and other old collections. The following beautiful poem, of a quality not common in English verse, is, for example, from *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*. To some it will be familiar, but others may be surprised to learn that so homely and tender a lyric was written in an age when homeliness was not the fashion. We quote the first two stanzas, as modernised by their new editor. The author is Richard Edwardes (1523-1566), "sometime of her Maesties Chappell":

"In going to my naked bed as one that would
have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long
before had wept:
She sighed sore and sang full sweet, to bring
the babe to rest,
That would not cease but cried still, in
sucking at her breast.

She was full weary of her watch, and grieved
with her child,
She rocked it and rated it, till that on her it
smiled;
Then did she say: 'Now have I found this
proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing
is of love!'

"Then took I paper, pen and ink, this proverb
for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy
wight.
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little
brat,
Much matter uttered she of weight, in place
whereas she sat,
And proved plain, there was no beast, nor
creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love, without
discord and strife:
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware
by God above,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing
is of love."

Alexander Scott yields four lyrics, a little
marred, perhaps, for the modern reader by
their archaisms. An archaism alone is
often disturbing enough; but an archaism
that is also Scotch can be quite a deterrent.
Tottel's Miscellany offers this delicate tissue
of philosophic resignation: "Upon con-
sideration of the state of this life," the title
runs, "he wisheth death"—

"The longer life, the more offence:
The more offence, the greater pain:
The greater pain, the less defence:
The less defence, the lesser gain.
The loss of gain long ill doth try:
Wherefore come death, and let me die!
The shorter life, less count I find:
The less account, the sooner made:
The count soon made the merrier mind:
The merry mind doth thought evade.
Short life, in truth, this thing doth try:
Wherefore come death, and let me die!
Come gentle death, the ebb of care,
The ebb of care, the flood of life,
The flood of life, the joyful fare,
The joyful fare, the end of strife.
The end of strife, that thing wish I:
Wherefore come death, and let me die."

And here, from the Bannantyne MS., is a
jocund song of the amorous spring, under
the title "Lusty May";

"O lusty May, with Flora Queen!
The balmy drops from Phoebus sheen
Prelucid beams before the day:
By that Diana grows green
Through gladness of this lusty May.

"Then Esperus, that is so bright,
Till woful heart's casts his light,
With banks that blooms on every brae,
And show'ers are shed forth of their sight,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

"Birds on bewis of every birth,
Rejoicing notes makand their mirth
Right pleasantly upon the spray,
With flourishing o'er field and fith,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

"All luvaris that are in care
To their ladies they do repair,
In fresh mornings before the day,
And are in mirth ay mair and mair,
Through gladness of this lusty May."

These all are welcome.

Criticising an anthology amounts to

saying how one would have done it oneself,
and that is what we propose now to do.
Had the invitation to compile a volume of
English lyrics been tendered to us, we
should have set to work differently. In
the first place we should, for two reasons,
have discarded chronological arrangement
altogether. One reason is, that the chrono-
logical arrangement of a collection of
English lyrics such as this has the dis-
advantage of making the first part of the
book so much livelier and more interesting
than the last. The lyrics that were written
by Englishmen prior to Marvell and those
that were written after are so different in
kind that it is almost necessary to find a
new name for the later poems. The old
inspiration suddenly ceased. Suddenly
a moment came when to the poets the
world ceased to be new every morning.
The Elizabethans, we can believe, actually
thought that it was so. They had the
happiness of infancy, of young, fresh
growth. When joyous, their songs bubbled
out of them. Even when they were melan-
choly or pensive the words seem to have
followed each other as naturally and spon-
taneously as the notes of a bird. Theirs
was the genuine lyricism. And then, partly
because of the blighting Puritan influence,
partly because of the Restoration's influence
in the opposite direction, and partly because
a critical spirit was abroad tending to make
poets self-conscious workmen in a degree
they had not hitherto reached, spontaneity
vanished, and for a while genuine lyricism
was no more. Poems no longer sprang into
being as they once had done (or had seemed
to do): they were now deliberately built up.
A new type of mind was developed: cynicism
for the first time turned to verse; archi-
tecture, in short, took the place of poetry.
If Mr. Henley had not been more or less
bound by his chronological scheme to take
some note of the hundred and odd years
between Marvell and Blake, maybe he
would have neglected them altogether. In a
general collection of English lyrics such as
this we who write should have done so.
It would be impossible, it is true, to
part with "Sally in Our Alley"; but
neither for the temperament nor the poetical
achievement of the Earl of Rochester, who
is one of Mr. Henley's principal intervening
poets, can we share his enthusiasm. In a
volume including the perfect stanzas of
Lovelace we should not admit Rochester
at all.

One other objection to chronological order
is the applicability of the term lyric to
poems springing from so many and diverse
emotions—the result being a departure from
homogeneity. An editor's duties do not
consist merely in bringing poems together;
he should also arrange them in order to
prevent both dissonant juxtapositions and
the effect of patchiness in his book. As it
is, although on almost every page of this
volume there are lines of beauty, there are
yet portions of the book of far less distinction
and worth than others. One patch to which
we refer is the group of eleven poems by
Blake coming after a very arid stretch, con-
taining such artificial numbers as Pope's
"Dying Christian" and Goldsmith's "When
lovely woman." This objection, however,

brings us to the statement that whatever
the inducement, we should never attempt
to make a general collection of English
lyrics at all. The result is bound to
be too heterogeneous. But discarding the
idea of a general collection, we would
willingly undertake to make some special
collection, such as lyrics of love, or lyrics in
praise of life, or lyrics distinguished by ex-
traordinary beauty. And we should stipulate
that the form given to the book was compact
and slim, so that it might be a companion
both out of the house and in it. Mr. Henley's
book is far too large. He has been too
generous. English lyrics are our bosom
friends or nothing: and bosom friends
should be empowered to nestle close. In
other words, a smaller volume should have
been made, one that would slip into the
pocket. There is too much here. Few
persons that want Wordsworth's "Ode on
the Intimations of Immortality" want also
Moore's facile fluencies; few that want
the matchless music of Shelley's "Song
of Pan" want also Jordan's "Careless
Gallant," while few, again, that want the
"Careless Gallant" will greatly prize the
splendid contributions from the Author-
ised Version. It is possible to be too
catholic. Mr. Henley, it seems to us, would
have been wiser to have made a congruous
collection, with, say, the joy of living as its
motive. Mr. Henley is all for full-blooded
life himself, and no one could make a book
in praise of it better than he. To a large
extent this book does perform such an office.
The Elizabethan section, which, coming
first, gives the note, is rich in enthusiasm
for life; but it does not persist. Love
poems, however, so predominate that we
come to resent all else, especially such grave
singers as Henry Vaughan and Pope and
Ebenezer Elliott. The earlier part of the
book, indeed, tends to transform several of
the later poets into interlopers—Lamb and
Wordsworth particularly. Poe's ecstasies
seem quite unreasonably modern, and
Byron's "Isles of Greece," Campbell's two
naval ballads, Coleridge's "Kubla Khan,"
and much of Scott, strike one as clean out
of place. Had Mr. Henley excluded some
of these more modern pieces, he might have
drawn from the golden age of English
lyrical poetry more examples than he does
offer of the kind which, so far as we
gather, he likes best. There is, for ex-
ample, an amatory song of Cartwright's,
from his play, "The Ordinary," begin-
ning "Come, O come! I brook no
stay," which is quite good. Dr. Strobe
also, we think, deserves representation.
But to complain of omissions is idle,
and we have, perhaps, cavilled too much
already.

The book might have been thought out
more carefully by the publishers. The
type of the introduction and notes—both of
the highest interest—is painfully small, and
that of the poems themselves might well be
larger; while the title-page contains the odd
contradiction, "Chaucer to Poe, 1340-1809."
On the cover the error is not repeated: there
we read, "1340-1849." We note also a
misprint in Sedley's song, "Phyllis is my
only joy." In the third line "coming"
is given "cunning."

OPEN-AIR JOURNALISM.

Nights with an Old Gunner, and Other Studies of Wild Life. By C. J. Cornish. (Seeley & Co.)

MR. C. J. CORNISH during the last few years has steadily been gaining ground as a writer of out-door essays and sketches, and the publication of this, his second important book, affords an opportunity of estimating his place as compared with other writers of the same school. We have been all the more interested in his work because a consideration of it discloses the sharp line which divides journalism from literature. Mr. Cornish has received high praise, and to a great extent deserves it. He is full of information, clear and accurate in setting it forth. The writing is a little formal, but it is a scholar's formality. In choice of subjects, in their arrangement, in putting in and leaving out, he shows taste and robust common sense. He presents no exuberance of "prose-poetry," no profusion of metaphor, no sentences overloaded with epithet. And yet we know as we read that one thing—the element of literature—is lacking.

To make good the assertion, let us take the book in review exclusively from the standpoint of letters. The author, then, is, first of all, a sportsman, with a subsidiary love of nature; and we know this of Father Izaak, that, whereas his June mornings and his meadows "chequered with daisies and ladies' smocks" are immortal, his angling craft is all dead and done with. His modern successors—Gilbert White, Henry Thoreau, Richard Jefferies—were primarily lovers of nature, with a subsidiary love of sport. It is somewhat curious that the journalistic gift has in one sense a wider range than genius itself. Transport your journalist to any possible distance from his green-banked Midland stream—to the Nile or the Yangtse-Kiang—and his gift acts there exactly as it did at home. As it is the nature of the beaver to build, and he begins gnawing the Surrey oak as he gnawed the trees in his native Canada, so the born journalist spins copy out of any environment. Very skilfully and agreeably does Mr. Cornish do so. Let him be in Yorkshire, Berkshire, Norfolk, or the Isle of Wight, it is all the same, his surroundings are sure to yield a more or less admirable article for the *Spectator*. Collected into a volume and bound, these contributions may be glanced at a second time with new admiration.

But if his aims had been toward literature, if he had wished to please not the many but the few, what a different, what a higher standard he would have had to apply! Take the first eight papers, those "nights with an old gunner" which give the book its title. Mr. Cornish was but a looker-on at the coast. If you think he is more, turn up the pages of a true native, *A Son of the Marshes*. There you will find digression, slovenliness, a hundred faults: yet his is the real marsh, the living long-shoreman, nay, the very ducks and wild geese flying and squattering. One is native and writes from the very heart of the matter, the other is a clever and intelligent stranger trans-

cribing external features. We are afraid the book would shrink into a few pages if a high literary standard were rigorously applied. Many of the chapters may be described as animal celebrities at home—the author having apparently paid a special visit in each case to "do" the place or wild creature for the *Spectator*. Interesting as they were in their original place, it would, of course, be ridiculous to criticise them as literature. As examples of the papers referred to, we may mention "The Paradise at Leonardalee," "A Beaver Lake in Sussex," "The Japanese Deer at Powerscourt," "The Heronry at Virginia Water," "The Birds of Parks," and so on. To the same category we must add the entire section headed "Inland Sport"—the chapters composing it are neither better nor worse than similar articles in the *Field*, where, indeed, not one would have been out of place.

After this drastic process of elimination, one asks what is left, and the answer is almost nothing. We regret that it is so. No fault is to be found with a young writer for journalising, least of all for journalising intelligently and with the good judgment of Mr. Cornish. But it would have been more promising had the monotonous average of these papers been broken by some attempt to express the writer's individuality—to attain style. Much is to be forgiven to him who aims high—a stumble or two, a touch of romantic folly, an indiscretion, anything is better than this dead level of respectable mediocrity. If any one deems we exaggerate the case we shall ask him to compare Mr. Cornish's papers on the Berkshire Downs with Jefferies's *Wild Life in a Southern County*. He is a native of the Vale of White Horse, and his nearest attempt at a breakaway from journalism into literature is the chapter on "The White Horse Downs." In other words, his material is almost identical with that of Richard Jefferies. From "the more commanding down" of *Wild Life* to Wylam's Cave is a summer afternoon's walk along the pleasant uplands of Wilts and Berks. We extract one passage—the absolute best in the book in our opinion—to show that at least Mr. Cornish is worth scolding and rating into the search for a higher ideal than has yet dawned on him:

"The ever-blowing wind upon the downs comes fresh across millions of acres of English soil, redolent not of the sea, but of the scent and odours of the inland county. The kestrels and crows, meeting the blast, skim low, almost touching the tall grasses, the horses neigh and paw the ground, the lambs scamper from the shelter of the lambing pens, where the ewes, with their shepherd, lie basking, back to wind and face to sun, and even the hares on the rolling shoulders of the hill are bigger, redder, and bolder than on any other region in the down county."

Here you have both observation and pictorial quality—a standard worth aiming at. The author's faults as a writer—dryness, hardness, formality—are at their minimum. Yet listen to Jefferies after and it is like stepping from a stubble field to a velvet turf:

"A faint sound as of a sea heard in a dream—a sibilant 'sish' 'rish'—passes along outside,

dying and coming again as a fresh wave of the wind rushes through the bennets and the dry grass. There is the happy hum of bees—who love the hills—as they speed by laden with their golden harvest, a drowsy warmth, and the delicious odour of wild thyme."

One man has an eye, but the other has eye, ear, and nostril, and, beyond these, the restful, meditative habit of mind; one gives the bare, clear fact, the other makes you feel that he saw the fact in a rich setting of dream and fancy. Jefferies' picture is full of sub-tones and suggestions. Besides, a sentence such as we have quoted from Mr. Cornish is of rare occurrence in his book, whereas Jefferies has as good on every page. Perhaps it may be said the comparison is unfair, but when Jefferies wrote *Wild Life in a Southern County* he was very much in the same position as Mr. Cornish is now—that is, he was contributing to journals and then publishing in book form. Moreover, the reviewing of books would be a barren and dreary task but for the pleasure it affords of helping the young writer to know and strain at the best, and showing the journalist the greater glory of the kingdom of letters.

BOOK OF VERSES.

THE verses that are gathered into a little volume named *Fidelis, and Other Poems*, by C. M. Gemmer (Archibald Constable & Co.), have a certain shining and glimmering quality. They have consequently a sense of shadow. The alert reader will perceive the note in the pretty little stanzas:

"Not by her sunbeams only
Summer's known,
But by her deep'ning shadows, fern-flecked
stone,
And boughs that kiss the pathway,
Grass o'ergrown.

"Not by promise only
Lovers plight,
But in low whispers fainter than the flight
Of air-fed midges over
Pools of light."

The verses which give their name to the volume are "in memory of a little dog, who died November 29, 1866, during the three days' absence of the writer." After thirty years the fidelity of the dog's owner is published to the world, as if in mockery of the love between equal human creatures. So may Miss Rossetti have thought, oppressed as she was by the forgetfulness of men for women, beloved in life, who have preceded them to the grave. For Miss Rossetti read this "beautiful poem of poems," as she calls it, in MS., demurring, however, to "the pomp of love lavished on any non-human friend." At Browning's door 19, Warwick-crescent, a copy of the verses was dropped by the writer at the suggestion of Mr. Patmore, "who said the poem would be a sufficient introduction." It was; and Browning wrote: "The subject of it would excuse even indifferent poetical treatment; but you seem to have written a really beautiful poem. I am happy to associate myself with two such eminent poets as the friends you mention in a sincere appreciation

of the beauty as well as the feeling of 'Fidelis.' A few days ago, on a grave in the dogs' cemetery on the north side of Hyde Park, was to be seen a large wreath of white flowers, while on a seat near at hand were four paupers, dead already while alive, for whom the cost of the wreath could have bought a day's plenty. It was the anomaly of the verses done into life.

In *Burns from Heaven*, by Hamish Hendry (David Bryce & Son), we have some very expert verses. We have, too, another glimpse into the Paradise of some modern minor singers. Burns, somewhat fatigued, we must suppose, with the assembly of the saints, re-seeks Scotland, but only to be disillusioned:

"A land o' saunts it would appear!
Stories o' death their daily cheer;
Where ilk ane sits beside the Brier
Plantit by Ian;
Where a' men drap the mild saut tear
Beloved in Zion."

In short, the Scots' land is now a land of the proprietaries, and that is not the land for Burns. He will hie him back to heaven:

"Faith! if the truth maun be confest,
Auld Scotland's guid, but heaven is best.
A body's frien's there stand the test
Withouten sham;
Guid fellows a' at crack and jest,
An' pass the dram."

"Shakespeare, the king o' a' the core;
Byron, a deil to start a splore;
Shelley, whose gowden liltis galore
Keeps a' harps waitin';
Coleridge, whiles seraph, whiles a bore,
Like Milton's Latin."

Of that heavenly host are Scott, with "pawkie Allan," and "gleg James Hogg," "an' Louis—blythe of late cam' he, a' shanks and wit":

"Wi' siclike frien's Scots saunts come sair;
Sae back to Scotland I'll nae mair,
For after heaven I cannot bear
Sic godly folk.
Then farewell! daylight's in the air,
An' there's the cock!"

Mr. Hendry, at any rate, has a pretty humour to save the situation.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, as a note to one of his "Family Letters" tells us, "thought very highly" of "a little lyric of Tupper's on the Garden of Eden." The allusion is not to the proverbial Tupper, but to his "eleventh cousin," John Lucas Tupper, who had the fortune to belong to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. There are four poems by him in the *Germ*, a magazine, by the way, which was produced by the printing firm of the Tupperes. Tupper first studied sculpture, and the statue of Linnaeus in the Oxford University Museum is his. He was, at one time, too, an anatomical draughtsman in Guy's Hospital, and, later, a Rugby master of drawing. When the *Germ* went, no magazine seems to have welcomed Mr. Tupper's verses; and now that he is dead they are collected into a volume, *Poems*, selected and edited by William Michael Rossetti (Longmans, Green & Co.), who supplies a brief biography of his friend. Some of the poems, the sonnets particularly, are far better than most of the poetry appearing in periodicals. They are of the manner of Wordsworth and of Rossetti; the

impulse is theirs, but Tupper is a very accomplished adaptor and interpreter, as everyone must admit who reads such sonnets as "If I Knew," "To my friend, Holman Hunt," or that entitled "Unachieved," the expression of a solace dear to unsuccessful lovers, but with no answering application, as we might wish, to poets who somehow just miss the laurel:

"Love's triumph this! I would not have her
sigh,
Nor hear her fine voice fa'ter, which is
keen
And sweet as falling water heard between
Steep rocks in summer. My extremity
Of passion should not weigh upon her eye,
And blanch her hue; and she should walk
serene
And pass me by, an inaccessible queen;
And I should offer her idolatry."

"For, so, there comes at least no emptiness
Of heart and spirit. All the sorrow and teen,
And far-off hopeless hope, will last—will
last:
My once clear moon will not wane lustreless;
Its glory never shall be overpast;
Unreached, it still must be what it has been."

Mr. Francis William Bourdillon, in his *Minuscule* (Lawrence & Bullen), supplies the reader with a series of "Lyrics of Nature, Art, and Love" very delicately done. Where many verses tempt to quotation, we take the lines headed "The Herald Flower":

"First love is like the early daffodil,
That lightens the whole world with hope
of Spring,
And sees not its own prophecies fulfil.
For when the leaves break forth and thrushes
sing,
The herald flower is drooping. So the chill
Takes Love when he hath taught the heart
to sing."

A master in this manner of poetry is John B. Tabb, whose book of *Lyrics* (John Lane) has thought, often profound, and perfectly expressed. Mr. Tabb rarely exceeds four lines in each poem; and each poem is given a page to itself. When Mr. Tabb allows himself six lines, we can have no quarrel with him when the quality is equal, for instance, to that of those headed "Mater Dolorosa":

"Again maternal autumn grieves,
As blood-like drip the maple-leaves
On Nature's Calvary,
And every sap-forsaken limb
Renews the mystery of Him
Who died upon a Tree."

In her *Songs in Many Moods* (Longmans, Green & Co.), Nina Frances Layard has an "Ode to Morning," with passages that are out of the common:

"Each flower that coaxing morning shall
unfurl,
Wakes with a new expression, some fresh
curl
Of leaf or petal; some sweet poise of the
head,
Or lithesome curve of limber limbs sap-fed;
And every day each plays its separate part
In meek unconsciousness and artless art:
Good, because growing; beautiful, because
It humbly follows Nature's rhythmic laws:
The whole earth round
Its stately synagogue;
Its decalogue
The secret forces of its marvellous birth."

LOST EMPIRES.

The Lost Empires of the Modern World: Essays in Imperial History. By Walter Frewen Lord. (Bentley.)

It is a common cry against Great Britain that she is grasping and greedy of territory, brutal in her treatment of native races, and that she spoils what she steals, not even possessing intelligence enough to make it, like the Dutch colonies, remunerative. Foreign nations lose no opportunity of telling us this. The "Little England" press endorse it; so that gradually there is growing up a feeling among Britons themselves that it is true, and that the empire is a gigantic fraud clumsily managed. It is on this point that Mr. W. F. Lord comes to our rescue. In a series of pleasantly written essays, well thought out, and accurate in the main, he gives us the history of the other great European empires, mostly now extinct. Beginning with Portugal, in the days of Prince Henry the Navigator, we have the empire that was most like our own, founded by brave adventurers who cleft a path for themselves where no Europeans had sailed before. The Portuguese did good on the whole, and the collapse of their empire which followed the draining of their country and its invasion by Spain, was a loss to civilisation. That the Portuguese still hold Goa is, Mr. Lord points out, solely due to the forbearance of Great Britain, whose generosity in such matters even went the length of twice restoring to Holland the colonies she had conquered with the sword. The history of the Spanish empire has been told by Prescott, and Mr. Lord has been able to add nothing to his narrative. The story of the French Empire abroad is largely a tale of British wars, forced on in some cases by the vast schemes of aggrandisement fostered by Richelieu, which threatened to oust us from our foothold in Canada, and in others by the natural conflict of interests which occurs when two great nations are simultaneously expanding. The story of the downfall of France, both in Canada and India, is graphically told, and a fair account is given of her present colonising activity and desire to retrieve the past. The last place selected is that of Holland, whose colonies were shamelessly "sweated" and utilised as mere sources of plunder. With the exception of Portugal, there is not one of these empires, according to Mr. Lord, which compares favourably in stability, humanity, and general business principles with the British Empire of to-day. If only as an antidote, this book should be healthy reading for Englishmen whose self-respect is somewhat in jeopardy. Mr. Lord adds wise maxims on the method by which we can preserve what we have so miraculously acquired. The great danger is, of course, the scarcity of home-grown food. Of late there has been a tendency to foster and revive the embers of British agriculture. If this succeeds, the first great step will have been accomplished of making the home country self-supporting. The Navy will then be free to act at large as required, instead of being, as now, merely sufficient to act as a convoy for our foodships.

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

White Man's Africa. By Poultney Bigelow. Illustrated. (Harper & Brothers.)

WHEN Mr. Bigelow's book appeared as a series of articles in *Harper's Magazine*, they struck most readers as an excellent example of special correspondence, by a capable journalist able to describe, with impartiality and picturesqueness, all he saw and heard in a country on the brink of civil war. Their superficiality, partly owing to their fragmentary condition, was then hardly noticeable. This, unfortunately, cannot be said of the work now published in book form. The author himself, however, appears to have foreseen that this impression might probably be one result of his zealous, but necessarily hasty, labours.

"The literature on South Africa," he writes, "is more than abundant, and I have tried to read all of it. Perhaps I am the only writer on the subject who cheerfully admits that he knows nothing of the subject. It was much against my will that I accepted an offer made by the publishing house of Messrs. Harper & Brothers to proceed at once to South Africa and write my impressions. I pleaded my ignorance on the subject, but this did not seem to discourage."

There is no more difficult political question than that of South Africa, and as "impressions of travel," those of Mr. Bigelow are, perhaps, as good as any that have appeared; but their greatest admirer will scarcely claim for them accurate knowledge, or for their writer the necessary philosophical equipment. The book, although readable, is scarcely enlightening, and, like most impressions, readily slides into cheap generalisation. "To generalise," observes a modern novelist, "is to journalise." The *White Man's Africa*, from the nature of its inception and growth, has this inherent weakness.

No book on South Africa would be complete without an interview with President Kruger, who, as usual, "shook hands with me and pointed with a grunt to a chair at his side." This grunt will follow the President through history. None of the legends which have already crystallised around the youth of this remarkable man can henceforth conceal it. The Achilles of the Boers, who in his youth outran horses and slew elephants, lions, and buffaloes as jauntily as the squire's son kills partridges, cannot be made the hero of an epic so long as the "grunt" is not forgotten. But for this record of his breeding, Mr. Bigelow's account would be dithyrambic. Young Kruger no doubt possessed a splendid physique, but abuse of tobacco and coffee has impaired the vigour of his old age. This, at least, is the impression he seems to have left on the present and other visitors who have depicted him in prose sketches.

Mr. Bigelow has much that is interesting, although not new, to tell of the black races, whose history and characteristics he swiftly surveys.

"The word 'negro,'" he observes, "is not heard in South Africa, excepting as a term of opprobrium. Over and over again have Afrikaner Englishmen stopped me, when

speaking of Zulus, Basutos, Matabele, and so on, as negroes. 'You in America only know the blacks who come over as slaves. Our blacks are not to be confused with the material found on the Guinea coast.'"

The author, however, maintains that there is a large portion of Zulu and Basuto blood among the descendants of the American slaves, "who were often prisoners of war captured in the interior." Ethnologically, this problem is one of great interest, although Mr. Bigelow throws no light on it, and offers no evidence of his statement.

On the feeling towards England Mr. Bigelow writes with discretion, seeing both sides of the much-vexed problem through his American spectacles. He does not forget that the Transvaal was abandoned "after a disgrace to British arms unmatched in the annals of war since the battle of Jena"—a statement which causes the reader some surprise. Why Jena? It is thus that Mr. Gladstone's reckless magnanimity colours history; and the full price of it has still to be paid. From this unpleasant topic one gladly escapes to Natal—"a magnificent monument to English courage and English capacity for administration"—where there is but one white man to every ten black; that is to say, about 45,000 white to 450,000 natives. Let Natal be our consolation, and appear as evidence of what Englishmen might have achieved in South Africa if their efforts had been untrammelled by illiterate Dutch bigots, incapable Portuguese, and a blundering Colonial Office at home.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Jakob Jakobsen: Det norroens Sprog paa Shetland. (Copenhagen: W. Prior.)

Jakob Jakobsen: the Dialect and Place-Names of Shetland. (Lerwick: Manson.)

THE author of these new and important works on the Norse language in Shetland is well equipped for the task. He is a Faroese by birth, and has spent three years—1892 to 1895—in researches among the Shetlanders who are so like his own people in language and habits. He has rescued from oblivion, while it was still alive, though in a mutilated and disguised form, the Norse which in the early Middle Ages was the prevailing speech in Orkney, Shetland, Caithness, Sutherland, the Hebrides, and the Isle of Man. He has rescued thousands of words of a dialect that was supposed to be as dead as Welsh in Cornwall. It is no depreciation of his predecessors in this field to say that his work, which is merely an introduction to his promised dictionary of *Norn*—the Shetland name for Norse—completely supersedes all previous effort. Shetlandic can no longer be termed a Scottish dialect.

For more than 400 years Shetland has been under Scottish rule, yet as late as 1593 one of their clergymen travelled to Norway to learn Norse because his congregation understood no other language. Yet Brand and Martin state, about A.D. 1700, that English had driven out Norn, whereas

it is only in recent years that the School Board has tried to oust the remnants of the old language.

One part of the vocabulary of Norn calls for the special attention of the folklorist and the philologist. The fishermen in Shetland have a superstition that certain objects must not be called by the same name at sea as ashore. A number of Norn words have thus survived which are only used at sea. They are called lucky words or *haf* (i.e., sea) words, for it is believed that to neglect to use them would bring disaster to the sailor. Among them are found antique words which are gone out of use in Scandinavia. Some are only found in the Poetic Edda; and are of hoary antiquity. The old song about Hedin and Hoegin, found by Low in Foula, has an Eddaic stamp on it. This question is of high importance from a literary point of view, but cannot be dwelt upon here.

The author has given an exhaustive treatise of the phonology and grammar of Norn. As his English work embraces but little of his Danish book, it is to be hoped that this important contribution to the history of the British Isles will be made accessible in an English dress.

Essays of Schopenhauer. Translated by Mrs. Rudolf Dircks. With an Introduction (Walter Scott.)

"It is good for mankind," writes Mrs. Dircks, "now and again to have a plain speaker, a 'mar-feast' on the scene, a wizard who devises for us a spectacle of disillusionment." This is her justification for presenting to the public in an English dress the thirteen lectures comprised in this volume of "The Scott Library." These essays are chosen, with one exception, from *Parerga und Paralipomena*, published in 1851. The exception is the essay on the "Metaphysics of Love," which is probably as personal and characteristic an utterance as ever he gave to the world. One finds in these essays much that, to our now accustomed eyes, appears gratuitously arrayed in the garb of paradox and innovation, much that is needlessly offensive of egoism and rancour. There is a glee that is almost diabolical in Schopenhauer's manner of reducing to their uninteresting elements the motives most highly prized in human conduct. There is repetition and insistent verbiage in abundance. But in every case—whether he is inveighing against the practice of whip-cracking, or is more seriously examining the springs of human action and the ground of the hopes which inspire it—there emerges an idea, luminous and provocative, which leaves its impress. Mrs. Dirck's translation is painstaking and accurate; but, perhaps through terror of the morose shade of her philosopher, she has erred on the side of literalism so as in places to be unintelligible. Who, for instance, shall interpret for us this, from the essay on "Education"?—

"Few of these novels are exempt from reproach—nay, whose effect is contrary to bad. Before all others *Le Sage* (or, rather, their Spanish originals); further, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and, to some extent, the novels of Walter Scott."

Stories of Famous Songs. By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald. (Nimmo.)

ONE cannot but feel some resentment against Mr. Fitz-Gerald. He has a capital subject, he has expended considerable pains upon the acquisition of material, but he has not been at pains to synthesise it. The various chapters of his volume first saw the light as detached articles in a popular weekly journal. One conjectures them to have been written in hot haste, for his pages bristle with repetitions and impertinences; and the author's sole effort to give a semblance of order to the collection would seem to have spent itself in the placing of the chapter on "Home, Sweet Home" at the beginning of the volume, and one upon "that illiterate National Anthem," to quote Mr. Gilbert, at the end. In other ways, too, the author cannot be said to have done his work handsomely. He frankly admits that scores of favourite songs have been omitted, and a brief inspection of the index is enough to show that he has not exaggerated his own shortcomings. Nevertheless, we may say that students of the subject, to whom the matter is of sufficient importance to excuse a vicious style and disorderly treatment, will find in Mr. Fitz-Gerald's volume much that will be both of interest and of service.

Verdi, Man and Musician: His Biography, with Especial Reference to his English Experiences. By Frederick J. Crowest. (John Milne.)

THIS monograph appears at a well-chosen moment. The *maestro's* work, if not yet placed finally in relation to the great music of the world, is, we cannot doubt, a finished work, and they are his latest creations which furnish the crown of his achievement. The day is passed for the reproach of—

"His orchestra of salt-box, tongs, and bones."

It is not often that, in any sphere, a man is to be found who on the far side of seventy still retains the power of assimilation, is still open to the influences of the age. Mr. Crowest, indeed, is at pains jealously to defend the subject of his memoir against the suspicion of having learned anything from Wagner; but the fact is remarkable that in his later achievement—in *Aida*, in *Otello*, in *Falstaff*—the great Italian has known how to recapture the ear of a generation to whom Bayreuth is as familiar as Covent Garden. Mr. Crowest's criticism is well within the comprehension of the average amateur; indeed, we are reminded pretty frequently of the expository programmes distributed at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts; and his attitude is one of defiant reverence. As to his literary style, it is of this impressive quality: "The red-letter day, for such it deservedly is, on which this universal melodist first saw the light . . ." The promise of special reference to English experiences is realised mainly by a number of quotations from newspapers. In the department of musical criticism, at any rate, journalism may take to itself the credit of having made some advance in the course of the present generation. A capital portrait of Signor Verdi faces the title-page, and the book is, by permission, dedicated to Mme. Patti.

Life in Northumberland during the Sixteenth Century. By William Weaver Tomlinson. (Walter Scott.)

THIS vivid little sketch is largely taken up with descriptions of domestic and social conditions which prevailed in England during the Reformation era. Thus, Harrison's lament, prefixed to an edition of *Holinshed's Chronicles* (1577), over the degeneracy of the country, as evidenced by the new fashion of building every house with chimneys, has no exclusive reference to the Border counties. Neither was the common use of fingers instead of forks distinctive of the North of England in the sixteenth century. The author, however, fully justifies the title he has given to his work when he comes to particulars of the Border feuds. The Scotch forays were bad, but the English were worse. In one foray made by Sir Ralph Eare, in 1544, into Teviotdale and the Merse, we read that 192 towns, villages, parish churches, and bastel-houses were burnt; 403 Scots killed; 816 taken prisoners; together with 12,429 sheep, 1,924 nags and geldings, besides other booty. An interesting chapter is devoted to the state of medical science in the time of Elizabeth. In this respect, as in others, Northumberland was probably about fifty years behind the South of England.

A Short History of the Catholic Church. By F. Goulburn Walpole. (Burns & Oates.)

THIS little book belongs to the class of "Apologies" of which the later half of this century has seen so plentiful a crop. Without being for the most part serious contributions to history or to controversy, they have an interest of their own as human documents, throwing a light upon a recurrent enigma—the voluntary surrender of intellectual freedom. Mr. Walpole's appeal to the past is for confirmation, not for guidance. As an introduction to the study of ecclesiastical history the book will be useful, for the general sequence of events is set forth clearly and accurately.

The Reminiscences of a Bashibazouk. By Edward Vizetelly. (J. W. Arrowsmith.)

IN this substantial volume the ups and downs of the war correspondent's life are vivaciously set forth; and young men, whose ambition that way lies, might read the book with advantage. Mr. Vizetelly's narrative includes the principal European turmoils of the past few decades, and scattered about his pages are portraits of the leading special correspondents of the same period.

SOME REPRINTS.

EIGHT books, all reprints, packed in one parcel, may, and usually do, present as great a variety as the passengers in a Putney 'bus. Young, old, critical, poetical, and fictive—they have nothing in common but the respectability of their careers; for, thank goodness! not much rubbish is reprinted. Rubbish may aspire to new editions; but when type has been distributed only merit brings it together again. Here, then, is a quaintly various batch. Number 1—to make a plunge—is *Sandra Belloni*,

in Messrs. Constable's new six-shilling revised edition of Mr. Meredith's novels. This story was originally called *Emilia in England*; but it has enjoyed its more sonorous title now for some years. A better edition of a living novelist's works at the price could not be desired than this of Mr. Meredith's; the type and paper have been well chosen, and the red binding is simple and handsome.

Number 2 is Bunyan's *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (Andrew Melrose). Bunyan apologises for the style in which his book is written. "God," he writes, "did not play in convincing of me; the Devil did not play in tempting of me; neither did I play when I sank as into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell caught hold upon me; wherefore I may not play in my relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was." How grace might abound in literature, if Bunyan's conception of fitness of style were more common! The book, we must add, is neatly turned out, and has a useful, if rather too lengthy, introduction.

Number 3 is Macaulay's *Lays*, edited for use in schools by Mr. W. T. Webb, and published by Messrs. Macmillan. Macaulay's preface is boiled down; *Virginia* is omitted as unsuitable for schoolroom study; and full notes are given.

Number 4 is *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore* in Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co.'s "Apollo Poets." The volumes in this series are sold in the shops at two shillings and eightpence; and it is wonderful how the publishers have contrived to make them look worth seven-and-sixpence.

Reprint Number 5 is the fourth volume of Mr. George Allen's cheap version of *Modern Painters*. It hardly calls for comment, Mr. Allen's Ruskin formats being so well known.

Numbers 6 and 7 are reprints of *The Scarlet Letter* and *Sterne's Sentimental Journey*. Each volume is illustrated by Mr. T. N. Robinson. Reprints of *The Scarlet Letter* we expect almost daily; but a half-crown *Sterne* on the shiniest and smoothest of edition of *Sterne's* masterpiece, with modern pen-and-ink pictures, is less usual. The book is prettily turned out, but for ourselves we cannot pretend to like white paper, and with illustrations so modern in their deftness as Mr. Robinson's. Others will think differently, and will disagree with us in thinking that eighty-eight pictures are too many. What with illustrations, and separate title-pages to the chapters, the text seems to play a minor part in this reprint.

Number 8 is *The Eerie Book* (J. Shiells & Co.). They are a dread selection, these sixteen tales, beginning with Edgar Allen Poe's *The Masque of the Red Death*, and ending with *The Masque*, an extract from De Quincey's *Klosterheim*. Mr. W. B. MacDougall illustrates the book in the style of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. But these pictures are too eerie for eerie stories; they should leave the tales to play on the nerves. What with Mr. Lang's *Book of Ghosts*, and Mr. Stead's *Real Ghost Stories*, the coming Christmas can be kept with all the old-fashioned thrills.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE custom of gathering several short stories into a volume, and publishing them as if the covers contained a novel of the orthodox length—grows apace. *Byeways* and *The Express Messenger* are examples to the point. The fiction of the past week deals with all imaginable topics from the exploitation of the "soul" to an excursion to Venus.

BYEWAYS.

By ROBERT HICHENS.

Mr. Robert Hichens can write. He understands the value of words, and he has made a study of the kid-gloved, gardenia-in-the-button-hole youth of the day. With them, their affairs and friendships, he is in evident sympathy. He is also just now in love with the kind of spiritualism that is useful in fiction, and he has many uses for "souls." In a word, he is the author of *Flames*. His new book, *Byeways*, a collection of nine stories, might be described as a careful using up of the material collected for *Flames*. The stories mostly deal with things just a little beyond reality. His men do not play football. They do not eat cold roast beef and cheese for lunch. His women—well, here is one of them. Renfrew had the right to hold "this thin, pale wonder of night and fame in his arms, and to kiss the lips from which came at will the coo of a dove or the snarl of a tigress." (Methuen & Co. 319 pp. 6s.)

A TRIP TO VENUS.

By JOHN MUNRO.

Jules Verne took us to the moon, Mr. H. G. Wells brought the Martians to this poor old earth, and now here is Mr. John Munro (author of *The Story of Electricity*) obliging with an account of a trip he made to Venus. Thither he went in a car (in the darkness it might have been mistaken for a tubular boiler of a dumpy shape) accompanied by Profs. Carmichael and Gazen and Miss Carmichael. When the author of *The Story of Electricity* reached Venus he fell in love with Alumion (a lady, not a metal). "The ethereal flame of this new passion seemed to purify all that was earthly and exalt all that was celestial in him." They have now come home again. Prof. Gazen and Miss Carmichael are about to be married, and as soon as the ceremony is over "I [that is, the author of *The Story of Electricity*] shall return to Venus and Alumion." He has our very best wishes. (Jarrold & Sons. 254 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

By HESBA STRETTON.

It seems wonderful that a story filling more than five hundred pages should come at this date from the pen that gave us *Jessie's First Prayer*—a book over which many of us pored in childhood. However, so it is, and, what is more, this story of the marriage of a girl of seventeen, her flight from a hateful bond into which she had ignorantly walked, and her final happy union to a good man, is told with unflagging vigour. The story is laid mostly in the Channel Islands. Tardif, the Sark fisherman, is sympathetically drawn. (Hodder & Stoughton. 547 pp. 6s.)

THE EXPRESS MESSENGER.

By CY WARMAN.

The Express Messenger is the first of twenty-two short and, mostly, thrilling stories of early railroad life in America. These are dedicated to the "Great Army of Enginemen—the silent heroes who stand alone and bore holes in the night at the rate of a mile a minute." "The Locomotive that Lost Herself" and "A Railway Mail Clerk" are quite good. In the latter story we have the description of a railway smash in one of the Santa Fé cañons. The conduct of "Doc," the mail clerk, who was pinned under the burning wreck,

makes excellent reading. In such stories as "A Locomotive as a War Chariot," "A Ghost Train Illusion," and "Catching a Runaway Engine," the sensationalism of railway romance is exhausted. (Chatto & Windus. 282 pp.)

RACING AND CHASING.

By ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

A budget of pleasant sporting sketches by the author of *Sketches in the Hunting Field* and *Race Courses and Covert Side*. The human characterisation goes just far enough to be interesting without drawing attention away too much from horses, hounds, and Reynard. The first sketch shows how Chippenham could ride Lawson's bay mare better than Lawson. Chippenham was the truer gentleman, and perhaps that counted for something with the mare, but it was mainly, as the title of the story implies, "A Question of Bits." These sketches appeared in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* when the author was editing that journal. (Longmans, Green & Co. 344 pp. 6s.)

A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

By E. P. TRAIN.

This story, supplemented by three short ones, forms "Beeton's Christmas Annual." A very worldly mother decides that the elder of her two daughters must yield place to her sister, and withdraw from the social arena in which she has won everything but a husband. Evelyn retires to Jersey. Here she writes the story of her social triumphs, which is sensational enough, and is, of course, provided with a jewel robbery. (Ward, Lock & Co. 208 pp. 1s.)

MARCUS WARWICK, ATHEIST.

By ALICE M. DALE.

A sincere study of a sincere man, by the author of *With Feet of Clay*. Marcus Warwick is a humanitarian, an implicit Christian, and the editor of *The Advance Guard*—no new figure in serious fiction. His struggles as an ameliorator are the kernel of the book, which is quiet, reasonable, and interesting. (Kegan Paul & Co. 396 pp. 6s.)

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Four stories of lawless life, making a man's book for men. Mr. Dibbs is no writer for little people, or for fools. His scenery is the South Sea Islands, where civilisation has but the feeblest grip, and his puppets fear neither God nor devil. His danger is to mistake brutality for strength. (Heinemann. 266 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A TSAR'S GRATITUDE.

By FRED WHISHAW.

In the first place let us thank the publishers for their gift of legible print. The story is interesting enough to deserve it. The Tsar is Alexander II., and his gratitude is shared by two men, Philipof and Dostoief. Dostoief did him the service of hamstringing his horse at Inkerman, to keep him out of range of the English bullets; Philipof twice saved his life. Dostoief's service was, however, recognised at once. Philipof had to wait for appreciation of his loyalty. The story deals with this waiting, and it is a good story. (Longmans & Co. 320 pp. 6s.)

MRS. JOHN FOSTER.

By CHARLES GRANVILLE.

An earlier book by this author was called *A Sapphire Ring*. We have not read it; nor is this the kind of book we read, except in the way of business. Look at the sub-title: "Being the papers and Letters of John Foster, Esq., of Fosterton, edited and arranged by his great-nephew, Martin Fordyce." That is forbidding enough, but when the book is opened and we find that the story is told entirely by letters and scraps of diary, we cry mercy. It is a study of feminine hysteria and masculine selfishness; but the form is against it. (Heinemann. 231 pp. 3s. 6d.)

ACE O' HEARTS.

BY CHARLOTTE BAIN.

Three hundred and fifty pages of pretty sentiment. We have rarely read a more feminine story, nor one less bound by the rules of art. But the telling is brisk, if wayward, and the chatter is bright, if trivial, and there are lovers and children and other pleasant personages in plenty, and the end is happy. Old-fashioned people will like it. (Hurst & Blackett. 350 pp. 6s.)

THE RISE OF THE RIVER.

BY AUSTIN CLARE.

The river is the Tyne. Mr. Austin Clare is a Tynesider, his pseudonym is "Tynedale Tyke," and to Upper South Tynedale his book is dedicated. This almost seems to shut out Southrons altogether; but if you persevere you will find plenty of rough and kindly human nature hiding among the dialect. Mr. Clare writes of a lowly folk, black but comely. (Chatto & Windus. 359 pp. 6s.)

CONCERNING TEDDY.

BY MRS. MURRAY HICKSON.

We do not want to suggest imitation when we say that *Concerning Teddy* belongs to the same family as Mr. Grahame's *Golden Age*. It does so, however. Teddy was a small boy, gifted with unusual sagacity and philosophy: also with a stammer, a brother Aubrey, a father who lured him on to the sickness that follows cigar smoking, and a Cousin Winnie. There was also Michael, who, when offered medicine to settle his liver, remarked, "I don't want my liver settled; I like it wobbly." (James Bowden. 304 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A NORWEGIAN NOVELIST.

Jonas Lauritz Edemil Lie was born in November, 1833, at Eker, a country town in the south of Norway. Soon after his birth his father was appointed Sheriff of Tromsøe, and the novelist's boyhood was spent among the rough fishermen of the Arctic regions. His writings bear abundant evidence of the wonderful attraction the sea possessed for him: indeed, he determined to enter the navy, but was rejected on account of his short-sightedness. At the University of Christiania, which he entered soon after leaving the cadet school, Lie met Ibsen and Björnson, and a lifelong friendship arose between the three authors. In due course he passed his examinations and settled down to a good lawyer's practice in the small town of Kongsvinger. The financial crisis of 1866 forced him to give up his practice, and, encouraged by the success which was attending the efforts of his two fellow-students, he determined to devote himself to a literary career. At first he met with little success. A volume of poems attracted little attention, and he was obliged to gain a miserable living by doing political hackwork for the Christiania newspapers. At that time Björnson's country idylls were becoming immensely popular, and Jonas Lie first came into prominence as the author of *Den Fremsynte* (issued in this country as *The Visionary*, but really "The Man with the Second Sight"), a series of sketches of life in the Far North. *Den Fremsynte* is a sad little story, containing some beautiful descriptions of the wild, lonely country where the author spent his childhood. In 1871 he obtained a small travelling stipend from the State to enable him to go abroad in order "to educate himself as a poet," and it was in Rome that he wrote the greater part of his next book *Tales and Sketches from Norway*, and his first novels of the sea, *Tremasteren Fremtiden* ("The Barque Future") and *Lodsen og hans Hustru* ("The Pilot and his Wife"), the last of which established his reputation as an author. *Tremasteren Fremtiden* gives an interesting picture of life in the northern harbours of Norway, but as a story it is quite inferior to *The Pilot and his Wife*, which is generally considered Lie's masterpiece. It is difficult to realise that this novel, full of the breezes of the wild North Sea, was written in a little Italian village. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has done so much to introduce Jonas Lie to English readers, and whose preface to a translation of one of his novels, which appears in Mr. Heinemann's invaluable "International Library" gives an excellent account of the man and his work, tells how the composition of *Lodsen og hans Hustru* "was accompanied by so painful a nostalgia for the sea that Lie became almost ill with longing, and, one summer day, throwing up his work, trudged many miles through the blazing heat that he might kneel for a few moments by the lapping Mediterranean, and wash his eyes and mouth in the waves."

Thomas Ross and Adam Schrader, Lie's next two novels, dealt with life in Christiania, but in *Rutland* and *Gaa Paa!* ("Go Ahead!") published in 1882, he again pictured the life on board ship with extraordinary success. In 1883 appeared *Liosslaven* (issued in this country as *One of Life's Slaves*, but really "A Slave for Life"), a novel written in quite a new manner. Lie had evidently been studying the new French realists, and *Liosslaven* bears distinct traces of the influence of Zola and Daudet. It is a sad, but very powerful, history of the struggles and final failure of a smith's apprentice, and, like his next book, *The Family of Gilge*, is distinctly pessimistic in tone. In 1886 Lie published *A Whirlpool*, and this was followed by *En Samliv* ("A Wedded Life"), *Maisa Jons* ("The Story of a Dress-maker"), *Komm andørens Døttre* ("The Commodore's Daughters"), *Ondt Magde* ("Evil Forces"), *Niobe*, and *Naar Sol gaar ned* ("When the Sun Goes Down"). In his later productions Lie has almost entirely abandoned the sea and has pictured the everyday life of commercial Norway. His stories are always a trifle bitter and generally written with some strong moral purpose. Lie's style, especially in his later books, is colloquial to a fault, and, as Mr. Gosse truly remarks, he cannot be regarded as a creative artist of great strength. "His truthfulness, his simple pathos, his deep moral sincerity, have gradually conquered for him a place in the hearts of his countrymen which no one can dispute with him."

REVIEWS.

Corleone. By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Crawford, though never over fond of action, has occasionally been on fairly close terms with it. The play of emotion, of hesitancy, always claims his best effort, but his books contain, none the less, spirited descriptions of more material struggles. In *Mr. Isaacs* there is a good polo match; *Zoroaster* has its wrestle between Darius and the sage; Dr. Claudius once climbed the rigging; the *Roman Singer* is an epic of elopement; *Greifenstein* shows us German students hacking honour into each other's brows; and so on. Latterly, however, psychology has almost completely ousted muscle; and *A Rose of Yesterday*, Mr. Crawford's penultimate story, was positively dreary. Hence we are the more glad to note in *Corleone*, just published, a quite unusual proportion of stirring events. Hitherto the incident, however well done, has never more than leavened the whole: playing the same part in Mr. Crawford's romances that the solitary waltz refrain does in the thinnest kind of comic opera; but in *Corleone* it occurs and occurs. Brigands, armed to the teeth, steal through the pages; one man is shot dead, another is stabbed; a fortified house is attacked by night; in short, enough happens to satisfy the most envenomed opponent of the pulseless American school of fiction.

Corleone comes in the same happy blue covers in which Messrs. Macmillan have sent forth so many of Mr. Crawford's pleasant romances. Old friends figure in its pages—San Florio and Corona, for example—but in the main it is the story of persons new to us—the three Corleone brothers, Ferdinando, Francesco, and Tebaldo, and their sister, or supposed sister, Vittoria: children of an old Sicilian house. The brigand-rid Sicily of to-day is the background of the book, although we are taken now and again to Rome, the home of Corona's sons, Ippolito and Orsino Saracinisca, and their cousin San Giacinto, who share the front of the stage with Tebaldo and Francesco. San Giacinto is a giant not unworthy to stand by the side of Porthos himself. And here is a glimpse of a desperado, for which one would hardly have gone to Mr. Crawford. One of the banditti is speaking:

"Now there is our captain, Mauro himself, whenever he has killed anybody he gets a gold twenty-franc piece and puts it into a little leathern purse he carries for that purpose."

"Why?" asked Tebaldo, with some curiosity.

"For two reasons. In the first place, he knows at any time how many he has killed. And, secondly, he says they are intended to pay for masses for his soul when he is killed himself. One tells him that someone will get the gold, if he is killed. He answers that heaven will respect his intention of having the masses said, even if it is not carried out when he is dead. That man has a genius for theology."

The story is told in Mr. Crawford's best manner, and after the preliminary chapters are well out of the way, you can hardly lay it

aside. We do not think that Mr. Crawford's best manner is the best manner there is, but no writer has more urbanity and self-possession. He never hurries. He writes stories as they might be told after dinner by an accomplished raconteur. If you do not care for so remote a method, you do not care for Mr. Crawford. If you do, *Corleone* will excite very considerable interest.

* * * *

The Tree of Life. By Netta Syrett. (John Lane.)

Miss Netta Syrett has more than fulfilled the promise of her first book, *Nobody's Fault*. *The Tree of Life* has all the virtues which books of its class—books, that is, which touch on the great woman problem—usually lack most conspicuously. The story, in the first place, is convincing. Its characters are alive, and not mere labels for different kinds of "views." More than this, Miss Syrett succeeds in winning our sympathy for her various characters, enabling us to see things from the standpoint of each and to comprehend their attitudes, even when we do not agree with them. The most successful character in the story is the heroine, Christine, but old Dr. Willowfield, her father, and Farborough, Christine's boorish husband, are also extremely ably handled—a much rarer feat among lady novelists, who, as a rule, fail utterly in drawing their men, though their women are often cleverly delineated. The minor characters, too—Mrs. Forrester, Meg, and a whole gallery of young women at college who are being trained as school-teachers—are very cleverly drawn, while the dénouement of the story is at once courageous and artistically satisfying. Indeed, taking for granted the nature of the bond between Christine and her husband, the rest of the story—the characters being as they are—is inevitable. Farborough is a Socialist and man of fads, and this is how he conceives of married life:

"I don't want you to feel in the least as though you were in any way working under my direction, you understand. I need not remind you that I have too much respect for your intellect and your individuality to have any such idea, even if I could wish such a position for any woman at any time. A woman has as much right to freedom of intellectual expression as a man; but their paths should at least be parallel if they contemplate matrimony, in my opinion."

This represents the husband's view of their marriage. Here is the wife's:

"Marriage, in this case, would lift her at once to the crest of the wave; this once reached, her own energy and ambition must carry her onwards. This was one of the cases in which marriage meant wisdom. It was as—John had said (she hesitated in thought over the name), as John had said—a contract between them for successful work and mutual helpfulness."

The end of this ill-assorted contract may be foreseen. *The Tree of Life* is the best novel of its kind that has appeared for a long time.

* * * *

The Making of a Prig. By Evelyn Sharp. (John Lane.)

Miss Evelyn Sharp has a graceful touch and a pleasing humour—neither of them gifts to be despised in a prosaic world. Katharine Austen was a young woman with an honest wish to be good in a different way from her neighbours, and the result was naturally disappointing. She fell out with the man she really worshipped, and made a gallant effort to be content with the commonplace in the shape of a boisterous youth called Ted. But it is written that a prig may repent of his or her ways and yet not be able to turn from them, and so at last we find her confirmed in her priggishness and about to marry the first melancholy and epigrammatic lover.

The tale is a sort of mild satire upon the quest of foolish ideals, but the edge of Miss Sharp's weapon is not cruel. Indeed, the present writer has never quite found out wherein the priggishness lay, and the point in any case is not important. The book begins rather lamely, but falls soon into the right comedy vein, and—with now and again a glimpse of pathos—ends in graceful banter. The writer is conspicuously stronger in incident than in character. The description of the "working gentlewoman" is excellent; so, too, the scene at the rectory, when Paul offers her marriage with the unopened letter from the newer lover on the table, and the final episode on the Seine steamer. In spite of its slightness the story

has humour and a certain attractiveness. But there is need of more care and strength in the portrayal of men and women before the work can fully justify itself. The rector and Miss Esther are mere figures of an old fictional convention, Katharine is better, but in her also there is need of a more adequate conception. And what shall we say of Paul and Ted? The one is only sallow cheeks, a black beard, and a few phrases, while the other is a riotous and hazy figure with about twenty words of a vocabulary in which "rotten" and "hump" are the most in use. With pain we recognise the unflinching realism of the portrait.

* * * *

Over the Hills. By Mary Findlater. (Methuen & Co.)

There are two Miss Findlaters, and both of them write novels. Moreover, they publish with Messrs. Methuen, and their works come out in that familiar red library of six-shilling books. Miss Jane Helen Findlater has just written *A Daughter of Strife*, Miss Mary Findlater *Over the Hills*. In style and treatment, in form and manner, their work is almost ridiculously alike. Both of them seem to affect "straggling" plots, both of them have a distinct taste for melodrama, and both end their books unsatisfactorily and in a manner which, while it misses being tragic, remains "uncomfortable," and therefore fails to be either impressive or agreeable. *Over the Hills* has a good enough story to tell, though it is one built up on familiar lines out of familiar characters and incidents. The opening chapters are really good, and if Miss Mary Findlater could have worked the rest of her book up to their level, our rather lukewarm praise would have been exchanged for fervid eulogy. The hero of *Over the Hills*, Lewis Campbell, is in love with an utterly worthless girl, who throws him over in the hope of catching a marquis. The marquis, like someone in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "saw the snare and he retired." In fact, he pretends to get drowned and enlists in the army, whereupon the girl weds his successor to the title. Not a pleasant situation, and one which requires a stronger hand than our author's to handle it successfully. Miss Mary Findlater has constructed her plot with considerable ingenuity—almost too much ingenuity. Her writing is at its best when she is describing the everyday affairs of life. Here is a specimen from one of her earlier chapters:

"'You should not bring the children out of bed on such a cold night,' said Dinah. But Annie had no scruples, and in another minute the bannisters were crowded with them, clustering like a swarm of white bees, hanging over as far as they dared, trampling with their little bare feet on one another's toes, their hair screwed in curl-papers, their eyes wide with excitement, listening with all their ears to the marvellous tumult below."

* * * *

The Rip's Redemption. By E. Livingston Prescott. (Nisbet & Co.)

This is a foolish story. A younger son finds his allowance cut off, and is driven to enter the Army as a gentleman ranker. He rapidly degenerates and becomes a sodden good-for-nothing, the butt of his squadron. Then he receives a belated request from the sweetheart of a dead friend to visit her, and is thus started upon an upward career to renewed dignity and self-respect. The sentiment of the whole thing is on the level of a Sunday-school prize, and the incidents bear a suspicious similarity to those familiar in that kind of literature. The conversion of the drunken reprobate begins with his receipt of the unknown lady's letter, and it is truly miraculous:

"Vann had to read it six times or so more before his mind, all unused to such good things as courtesy and refinement, took it in. The fine formality of writing and expression, with its little touch of simplicity as well, the faint perfume of violets, the tiny silver monogram, pierced him like a pain. He struggled up with an oath and began to pace the room unevenly, casting vacant glances across the black, wind-swept waste of the parade-ground, and stopping to stamp his foot as loud voices below seemed to announce interruption. His head was up, his shoulders back, a sudden change seemed to have swept over his whole being, and galvanised him into a fierce tension of resuscitated manhood."

It need hardly be said that after this Trooper Vann braves the jeers of his comrades by saying his prayers at night, and that he dies in saving the life of the regimental bully, from whom he has suffered much. Mr. Prescott appears to have some knowledge of the outside of a soldier's life, but of such insight as Mr. Kipling's he shows no glimmer.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS' LIST.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE methods of the two collaborators who wrote *Admiral Guinea*, *Deacon Brodie*, *Beau Austin*, and *Macaire* are destined ever to remain in mystery. We shall never know how scene was added to scene, whose hand held the pen in the more memorable passages; because Mr. Stevenson cannot tell and Mr. Henley will not. It was agreed by the partners that these things should be kept secret, but to state one interesting little fact concerning *Admiral Guinea* is to violate no confidence. The Admiral himself, John Gaunt, once captain of the slave "Arethusa," grew out of the Rev. John Newton, Cowper's friend and spiritual adviser. The Admiral was the germ of the play, and the part author of the Olney Hymns was the germ of the Admiral.

THE dedication of *Admiral Guinea* in its book form is interesting, but tantalising in its vagueness:

DEDICATED
WITH AFFECTION AND ESTEEM
TO ANDREW LANG BY
THE SURVIVORS OF
THE "WALRUS."

SAVANNAH,

This 27th day of September, 1884.

What is the story of the "Walrus"?

MR. KIPLING has, we understand, given permission to Miss Olga Nethersole, the actress, to dramatise his story, *The Light that Failed*.

THE publication of *Captains Courageous* suggests to a writer in the *Daily News* a story of the author which is worth telling again here. When Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a boy of twelve he started (like Harvey

Cheyne) on a sea-voyage with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling. Soon after the vessel was under way Mr. Lockwood Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yardarm, and if he lets go he'll drown." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter; "but he won't let go."

THE writer of the condensed appreciation of Mr. Robert Bridges in Mr. Rothenstein's *English Portraits* is vexed that Mr. Bridges is so little read. "His generation," he says, "hesitates to place him where in heart it feels that he ought to be placed; but the reason for not doing a thing should scarcely be that it ought to be done. The living generation ought to give the signal to posterity." The living generation, as a matter of fact, usually does; but as likely as not its mouthpiece is the minority and not the majority. The minority admires Mr. Bridges intensely. Why the eulogist should wish his verses to be household words we cannot see: the households of the many have poets more to their liking. Mr. Bridges is too severe a stylist, too "classical," for popularity.

WE quote some passages from the little eulogy: "The mass of work already laid silently before the world by this writer is very considerable: in quality it raises the literary character of the age; withal it is wonderfully various. Only one man in the language has shown a greater mastery of methods of the dramatic art, and a stronger spring of sentiment. One of his dramas contains the most ludicrous situation ever invented, another the most pathetic. His sonnets are a collection that will stand among the first three or four, unless his generation be fool posterity by its reticence. His shorter poems are as new an application to nature as photography. To poetry as an art he has rendered special service. The influence of his 'new prosody' is apparent everywhere."

ACCORDING to the recent registrations of the thermometer, the winter is yet far distant, but here, none the less, is the winter number of the *Studio*, containing an essay by Mr. Gleeson White on "Children's Books and their Illustrators." The subject is a pleasant one, and Mr. White treats it pleasantly. He passes under review illustrated books from the eighteenth century chap-book to the sumptuous gift-book of our own day, and says something pertinent of most of their authors and artists. Naturally, as he gets nearer and nearer to the crowded age we now dwell in, when every publisher aims at the nursery, his task becomes more difficult, and his criticisms more general; but the memoir is pretty reading. We notice some serious omissions—Mr. Edward Lear's droll pencil, for example, might have been represented, and Miss Greenaway does not receive full justice; while among younger artistic reputations we should like to see mention of Mrs. Farmiloe, especially as Mr. White gives some space to the *Child's Pictorial*, in which

her best work has figured. Mr. White, however, has done so well with a difficult undertaking that we will not complain. Doubtless, the reasons for the more notable of his omissions were only too good.

MEANWHILE, we cannot altogether share Mr. Gleeson White's glow of satisfaction at the achievement of English illustrators for children. There are shining lights, it is true—notably Sir John Tenniel and Randolph Caldecott—but the past decade has produced a kind of pictures which, to our mind, leaves much to be desired. The laboured decorative and archaic designs which now do duty for illustrations in so many books nominally intended for children have few of the necessary qualities. So seldom does the artist seem (as, of course he should be, before anything else) thoroughly stirred by the wish to please the child; to make him laugh, or snout, or grow big-eyed with wonder and delight. Prettiness and scholarly arrangement of blacks and whites are useful in attracting the attention of the purchasing parent; but they might be confined to the threshold of the book in favour of something quainter, more whimsical, more comic, or more surprising within.

MR. "PUNCH's" comments upon our suggested list of academicians take the form of a packet of letters from "outsiders." "Among the Roaring Forties; or, the New Menagerie of Letters," is his title. We congratulate him upon it; but we cannot think him inspired in using "The Schoolmaster at Home" as a pseudonym for the "ACADEMY." *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

WE have not alluded to other newspaper criticism: but jesters are always privileged. Besides, we wish to point out that it would be well if all literary persons wrote as epigrammatically as Mr. "Punch" makes them. Look, for example, at the following scraps:

"The Summit, Hindhead.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—

'The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter.'

You follow me? Yours, till Pisgah,
"GR-NT ALL-N."

"At the Sign of the Aerial Triplets.

"SIR,—Man is a bestial, if necessary, blot upon creation. Could I and similar matrons have our way, he should be soundly smacked. Sexual jealousy, I take it, has kept my name from this arbitrary list. Yet I have just written *The Beth Book in the World!* It is not for me to say who has written the neeth beth.—Yours, indignantly,
"S-R-H GR-ND."

"P.S.—I exempt you, Mr. Punch, from the spanking assertion with which my letter opens."

"Care of Olio, Parnassus.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am glad to observe my name among The Forty. I do not, however, altogether subscribe to the other thirty-nine articles.—Yours sceptically,

"W. E. H. L-CKY."

"The Morgue, Paris.

"SIR PUNCH, MISTER,—Hope differed—as one says—makes the core bilious. Here they will not have me at no price, try all I will. But you, you have the nose fine for merit.

Albeit, in effect, not of Anglo-Saxon provenance, I am traveller. I have made the grand voyage of the Sleeve. See there, then, I speak the English. O yes! Alright. Agree, &c.,
"EM-L- Z-L-."

In the same number we notice a drawing by Mr. G. R. Halkett, which is, to the best of our knowledge, the first contribution of that clever caricaturist to *Punch*. It takes the form of a portrait of Mr. Barrie in the guise of a Little Minister.

MR. H. G. WELLS's remarkable imaginative novel, *The War of the Worlds*, will be completed in the December issue of *Pearson's Magazine*. The story was finished in August of last year. Since then Mr. Wells has rewritten the greater part. He has not made much change in the early portions, but when the story is published in volume form it will be found that the concluding chapters have been revised and pruned, and, when necessary, amplified.

It has been shown again and again that good writers do not always make good editors. That Mr. Barry Pain, who now controls *To-Day*, will prove a brilliant exception is the wish of the many who appreciate the individual note of his work in prose and verse.

THE Italian poet, Ada Negri, whose voice is now being heard in England, is the subject of an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, from which we take the following suggestive passage:

"She does not fear the dreadful scenes of life and death, of which one might wish that weaker poets had a natural fear, and her audacity is justified by those strong verses called 'Autopsia,' and her conception of the cold anger she attributes to the dead under the surgeon's hand. She must assuredly have taken a lesson here from the terrors of mourner's dreams. For among the dreams that are told by the bereaved there is one they do not tell—the dream of the anger of the dead, a dream hidden in the human mind by who knows what prehistoric fright and primitive misgiving in the men of the early world, who were children, a dream that is the most intolerable when it visits the mind of the civilised and the adult with an increased, a multiplied and spiritualised, yet still pure and primitive distress. If the mind of the poet was ever touched by such a dream of the anger of the dead, she had the genius to hush her captured tremor to the light and keep it there."

"Italian," adds this writer, "cannot well be quoted, as French can be, in an evening paper, and not even French in a morning one; therefore we have to be content with the translation of a phrase or two. This is the lover from the factory running upstairs to the factory girl, 'black with dust, magnificent with love.' 'Mother,' she sings with all her art, 'I wish I might forget I am a poet, and become again a bambina.' When she left the little hut she was 'rich with dreams'; she calls the skylark an 'audacious angel.' This is enough and too much—it does Ada Negri little service to turn these scraps out alone in an alien world."

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI has already appeared before the world as a teacher of religion, of politics, and of political economy, and he

has put forth certain advanced views on music in his *Kreutzer Sonata*. We are now led to expect him in the character of art critic. It is rumoured that Count Tolstoi is working on a new book, of some bulk, into which he has been putting for the last seven or eight years his matured thoughts on the nature and function of Art. It may be surmised, without much rashness, that Count Tolstoi's views, when they are known, will be found to clash less with Mr. Ruskin's than with those of the Art-for-Art's-sake school of critics.

THE old Marshalsea Prison is supposed by most people to have disappeared utterly years ago; but it seems that some fragments of the building still remain for the crowbar to tear down. A scheme promoted by the London County Council to continue Tabard Street into the High Street, past the east end of St. George's Church, will sweep the Marshalsea, with its memories of Little Dorrit and of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, into real oblivion. A tablet, however, is placed on a neighbouring warehouse to remind Americans of the sacredness of the ground.

MRS. CRAIGIE's novel, *The School for Saints*, will be published next Wednesday. Disraeli appears as one of the characters. The book also contains a sketch of General Prim, the Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish Army, who was assassinated at Madrid in 1870. The sub-title is "Part of the History of the Right Honourable Robert Orange, M.P." The story of Orange's married life, of his literary and political life in 1870-1880, of his friendship with Disraeli, and of his career in the Church will be told in a subsequent volume.

In reply to a correspondent who asks if the metre used by FitzGerald in his translation of "Omar Khayyâm" has been employed by any other poet, we draw attention particularly to Mr. J. W. Mackail's beautiful narrative poem "Odysseus in Phaeacia," or, as it was called on its first appearance in *Love in Idleness*, that fragrant little book, "In Scheria."

ONE of the commonest statements with regard to *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is that the boy Arthur was drawn from Dean Stanley. A correspondent of the *Spectator*, Mr. F. W. Dobson, writes as follows concerning this matter: "It may not be uninteresting to place on record Tom Hughes's own words with reference to the character of Arthur in *Tom Brown*. In reply to my query he wrote: 'The character of Arthur was not drawn directly from Dean Stanley, but in several respects he might have sat for it.'"

THE negro poet, Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar—who came to England this year on a reciting tour, and has since published *Lyrics of Lowly Life*—has received a post in the Congressional Library at Washington. This appointment strikes us as being a very graceful act on the part of those in authority.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. will publish shortly a book entitled *Picturesque Dublin, Old and New*.

FROM Germany and elsewhere comes, not for the first time, a disturbing story to the effect that the printing papers in general use to-day are of such inferior substance that they cannot be trusted to last more than one hundred years. A representative of the ACADEMY accordingly called at the British Museum to gather, if possible, Dr. Garnett's opinion. He writes: "I followed an attendant round the corridor which encircles the Reading Room immediately behind the bookshelves. It is a curious place, this corridor, with its grid-iron floor and ceiling, through which, looking up, you see men's soles and, down, men's heads. There is something strange, too, in the cold, metallic sound of one's foot-falls in these streets of bookshelves."

We were walking down the stately King's Library when suddenly my guide turned sharply to the right between two of the exhibition cases which flank the room. I thought his attention had been caught by the titles of some of the stately books in the great glazed cases which line the walls; but, to my amazement, a section of these shelves, with its books, glass, oak, and all, fell back, and I walked through what had just appeared to be an impenetrable wall of literature. A few seconds later I was explaining my mission to the Keeper of the Printed Books.

Dr. Garnett told me that the British Museum collection had not yet furnished any example of deteriorating paper. "I am, however," he added, "much interested in the subject, and I am a member of a committee of the Society of Arts which has lately been formed for the purpose of inquiring into the subject of untrustworthy paper. I feel, however, that in attending its meetings I shall go to learn facts rather than to contribute them; for, as I have said, we have found nothing in the British Museum to support the theory that many papers and periodicals will rot in their binding within a hundred years of publication. I think we shall know more about this in twenty years, when the supposed action of chemicals and deterioration of wood-pulp have had time to manifest themselves."

"If it should be proved to be true that modern paper is so short-lived, you would consider it a very serious matter?"

"I should indeed. The interest and importance of great masses of current literature will hardly be felt for three or four hundred years, and posterity clearly will have little to thank us for if our periodicals crumble to the touch, and cheat the historical student of their contents."

"But at present any alarm on this score is premature?"

"Speaking strictly from our experience at the British Museum, I should say it is premature. In twenty years' time I think we shall know more."

"Dr. Garnett courteously showed me to the door by which I had entered. One moment I had his kindly smile; the next moment the site of that smile was occupied by Sidney's *Arcadia*, delicately tooled."

EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM.

VI.—CRASHAW.

STRANGE are both the commissions and omissions of this day, in which an uncritical zeal for the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has stimulated reprint upon reprint. It seems to be enough for editorial zeal that a poet should have been born in one of those privileged centuries; and he shall find republication. Not alone Campion and other minor lyrists of merit, but even a wielder of frigid conceits like Henry Constable finds his editor—nay, is issued with all the pomp of sumptuous decorative *ensemble*. Yet, while editors search among the dross of these ages for poets to revive, they neglect the gold. Else how comes it that while Henry Vaughan finds reprint, his worthy yokefellow, Crashaw, is passed by? How comes it that Cowley is inaccessible yet to modern readers? Eminent modern poets have singled Crashaw as a man of genius and a source of inspiration. Coleridge declared that Crashaw's "Hymn to St. Teresa" was present to his mind while he was writing the second part of "Christabel"; "if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind, they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem." The influence of Crashaw is to be traced in the "Unknown Eros": notably and conspicuously in the "Sponsa Dei." Dr. Grosart's edition, in the Fuller's Worthies Library, was printed only for private circulation, and, indeed, its price from the beginning placed it beyond reach of the ordinary reader. Yet this admirable edition has made the paths straight for a reprint addressed to the general reader; so that there is no excuse in difficulty for further neglect.

As a step towards the complete edition I welcome gladly Mr. Tutin's partial reprint, just issued by William Andrews & Co. Called by the name of the first poem in the volume, "Carmen Deo Nostro," it is really a reprint of the selection from his sacred poems which Crashaw himself issued in 1652—an excessively rare edition. Mr. Tutin's reprint of it is excellent, and very carefully corrected; and I can only hope it will stimulate—say, Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, in their *Muses' Library*—to give us a full edition of Crashaw equally correct and careful. This reprint really contains all Crashaw's sacred poems worth having; but we inevitably miss from it his secular poems; the lovely "Wishes to a Supposed Mistress," the "Love's Horoscope," the two or three exquisitely felicitous epitaphs, and the wonderful paraphrase of Strada's "Musician and Nightingale"—to name the chief.

Lyric poetry is a very inclusive term. It includes Milton and Herrick, Burns and Shelley, "Tintern Abbey" and "The Grecian Urn," the odes of Coventry Patmore and the songs of Tennyson. But its highest form—that which is to other lyric forms what the epic is to the narrative poem or the ballad—is the form typically represented by the ode. This order of lyric may again be divided into such lyrics as are distinguished by stately structure, and such as are distinguished by ardent abandonment. In the former kind ardour may be present,

though under the continual curb of the structure; and this is the highest species of the lyric. In the latter kind the ardour is naked and predominant: it is to the former kind what the flight of the skylark is to the flight of the eagle. The conspicuous first appearance of the former kind in English poetry was the monumental "Epithalamion" of Spenser. Ardour cannot, as a rule, be predicated of Spenser; but there is ardour of the most ethereal impulse, equi-poised throughout with the most imperial and imperious structure. For the development of the latter kind English poetry had to await the poet of "Prometheus Unbound." But its first, almost unnoticed and unperfected appearance, was in the work of Richard Crashaw. His age gave the preference to Cowley, in whose odes there is unlimited ostentation of dominating ardour without the reality, the result being mere capricious and unmeaning dislocation of form. Too much of the like is there in Crashaw; but every now and again he ascends into real fervour, such as makes metre and diction plastic to its own shaping spirit of inevitable rightness. This is the eminent praise of Crashaw, that he marks an epoch, a turn of the tide in English lyric, though the crest of the tide was not to come till long after, though—like all first innovators—he not only suffered present neglect, but has been overshadowed by those who came a century after him.

He is fraught with suggestion—infinite suggestion. More than one poet has drawn much from him, yet much remains to be drawn. But it is not only for poets he exists. Those who read for enjoyment can find in him abundant delight, if they will be content (as they are content with Wordsworth) to grope through his plenteous infelicity. He is no poet of the human and household emotions; he has not pathos, or warm love, or any of the qualities which come home to the natural kindly race of men. But how fecund is his brilliant imagery, rapturous ethereality. He has, at his best, an extraordinary cunning of diction, cleaving like gold-leaf to its object. In such a poem as "The Musician and the Nightingale" (not in this volume included) the marvel of diction becomes even too conscious; in the moment of wondering at the miracle, we feel that the miracle is too researched: it is the feat of an amazing gymnast in words rather than of an unpremeditated angel. Yet this poem is an extraordinary verbal achievement, and there are numerous other examples in which the miracle seems as unconscious as admirable.

For an example of his sacred poems, take the "Nativity," which has less deforming conceit than most. Very different from Milton's great Ode, which followed it, yet it has its own characteristic beauty. The shepherds sing it turn by turn—as thus:

"Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay.
The Babe looked up and showed His face;
In spite of darkness, it was day.
It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise,
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes."

Here is seen one note of Crashaw—the human and lover-like tenderness which

informs his sacred poems, differentiating them from the conventional style of English sacred poetry, with its solemn aloofness from celestial things.

"I saw the curled drops, soft and slow
Come hovering o'er the place's head;
Offering their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed:
Forbear, said I; be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold."

"I saw the obsequious Seraphim
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wing.
Since heaven itself lies here below.
Well done, said I; but are you sure
Your down so warm will pass for pure?"

In the second stanza is shown the fire of his fancy; in "The curled drops," &c., the happiness of his diction. In "The Weeper" (a poem on the Magdalen), amid stanzas of the most frigid conceit, are others of the loveliest art in conception and expression:

"The dew no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck:
The dew no more will sleep
Nuzzled in the Lily's neck;
Much rather would it be thy tear,
And leave them both to tremble here."

"Not in the Evening's eyes
When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet."

Two more alien poets could not be conceived than Crashaw and Browning. Yet in the last couplet of these most exquisite stanzas we have a direct coincidence with Browning's line—

"Its sad in sweet, its sweet in sad."

In the "Hymn to St. Teresa" are to be found the most beautiful delicacies of language and metre. Listen to this (*apropos* of Teresa's childish attempt to run away and become a martyr among the Moors):

"She never undertook to know
What Death with Love should have to do;
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why to show love she should shed blood;
Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die."

Among the poems not contained in this volume, the wonderfully dainty "Wishes to a Supposed Mistress" shows what Crashaw might have been as an amative poet:

"Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible She,
That shall command my heart and me;

"Where'er she lie,
Shut up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of Destiny."

And so on through a series of unequal but often lovely stanzas. So, too, does "Love's Horoscope." His epitaphs are among the sweetest and most artistic even of that age, so cunning in such kind of verse. For instance, that on a young gentleman:

"Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
And there be words not made with lungs—
Sententious showers; O let them fall!
Their cadence is rhetorical!"

But, to come back to the poems contained in Mr. Tutin's book, with what finer example can I end than the close of "The Flaming Heart," Crashaw's second hymn to St. Teresa?—

"Oh, thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eag'e in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss,
That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee His;
By all the Heaven thou hast in Him
(Fair Sister of the seraphim!)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die."

It has all the ardour and brave-soaring transport of the highest lyrical inspiration.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE.*

To the critic who reviewed *Sentimental Studies* in the ACADEMY, Mr. Crackanthorpe wrote thus:

"I needn't tell you of the pleasure that your generous praise gives me; but it is for your stimulating criticism that I am especially grateful. You have formulated certain faults, of which, for some time past, I had been feeling obscurely conscious. I feel that you have done me an immense service, and for this I want, if I may, to thank you with all my heart. Other critics may be kind: you make me eager for work."

Eager for work! Saddening words to read now, but then most true; and I quote them because they sound the note of his literary character. He took his literary life, as he took travel, movement, the open air, with an eager animation and delighted energy. It was a buoyant passion, virile and rejoicing. He loved his art, its difficulties and demands, as a swordsman loves the chivalrous dangers of war. His labours were loyal, and their result will abide.

He published *Wreckage: Seven Studies*, in 1893; *Sentimental Studies* and *A Set of Village Tales* in 1895; *Vignettes: a Miniature Journal of Whim and Sentiment*, in 1896, the year of his early death. This year gives us his *Last Studies*, introduced with a poignant poem by Mr. Stopford Brooke and an appreciation of subtle delicacy by Mr. Henry James. A brief record of accomplishment, but the finer, the firmer, the more successful for its very scantiness—the patient pains of an anxious and unhurrying artist. Of *Wreckage* and its title I may say, what Barbey d'Aureville said of *Les Fleurs du Mal*: "M. Baudelaire, qui les a cueillies et recueillies, n'a pas dit que ces *Fleurs du Mal* étaient belles, qu'elles sentaient bon, qu'il fallait en orner son front, en emplir ses mains, et que c'était là la sagesse. Au contraire, en les nommant, il les a flétries." So of the seven stories in *Wreckage*, with their helpless misery and grim irony—"en les

nommant, il les a flétries." Wrecked lives, lost hopes, beaten efforts, broken purposes are not the staple of the world, but its waste. Why, then, ask some, choose themes of barren gloom, and portray them pitilessly with a triumphant, swift fidelity of phrase, as if delighted to deal with squalid vice, and sordid grief, and tragic folly? Even were this wholly true, I should yet see in these stories nothing more censurable than that pathetic, unconscious cruelty so common in young writers; and, again, the sick and sorry sides of life are easier to see, more insistent and noticeable, than are the quiet and serene: they are salient, and spring to the eyes. But to write with an unfaltering firmness about dark things, with no word of personal feeling to relieve the facts presented thus keenly—is that endurable? *Distinguo*. One writer shall tell a tale, with no hint of any such word, and draw from you all the tears, the thoughts of charity and pity, for which he has not directly called; another shall tell the same tale, with a like impersonality, and you will feel outraged, nauseated, befouled. For there are writers whose choice phrases are as blows in the face: they eschew the seemly and pursue the vile; they parade and flaunt their laborious brutalities; they are nasty, but of an absurd and petty nastiness. Impersonal though they be, yet they cry from every page how Mephistophelian is their instinct for corruption, what well-smouted cynics they are. But Mr. Crackanthorpe was just and refined, never forcing the note; there are delicacy, distinction, discretion in his quiet fearlessness of manner. He makes no researches into the black mire of life, resolved to be at all costs a master in the science and secrets of the sewer. The brief stories of *Wreckage*, written in so fresh and pure an English, so clear and crisp a style, are uniformly sad, but of no sickening sadness; no scene is drawn, no character imagined, no phrase chosen for its naked horror of ugliness or gloom. Take "The Struggle for Life." In less than six pages we have the story of a poor woman selling herself in the street for the pittance which will buy her starving babies food, while her brutal husband riots with prostitutes in a pothouse. We say, with Rossetti, that "it makes a goblin of the sun." Let us say also with him:

"So it is, my dear.
All such things touch secret strings
For heavy hearts to hear.
So it is, my dear."

The terrible rapid pages are full of an aching poignancy. The straightforward sentences hide an inner appeal. The telling of the misery becomes a thing of dreadful beauty, and in its intensity goes nearer to the heart of the whole dark matter than many a moving sermon. The artist's abstemiousness in Mr. Crackanthorpe, the refinement of his reticence, never chilled his reader. "The pity of it! The pity of it!" That was always the unspoken yet audible burden of his art. A reverence for high things, a pitifulness over their ruin or perversion, lie always latent beneath the severely faithful phrases. Never do we seem to overhear the morose or saturnine chuckle, "Such is life"; but always a suggestion of

life's strange possibilities, anomalies, if you will, "little ironies." A vivacious, fascinated stirring wonder at life's strangeness may give an air of indifference and equanimity amid matter perilous for handling; but this is not the callousness and the coarseness of cynicism, its cheap insolence and contempt. *Sentimental Studies* showed a change, rather than a strict development. They are more spacious and elaborate, richer worded and of an ampler rhythm. Mr. Crackanthorpe had three chief gifts: skill in dramatic narration—a sense of situation, a lively feeling for the value and interpretation of gesture, posture, circumstance; secondly, analytic skill in the conception and presentment of character; thirdly, descriptive and pictorial power, readiness of vision, with a faculty of sifting and selecting its reports. In *Wreckage*, the first was paramount, the second sparsely used, the third used with singular restraint and vividness. The visible world of nature and man was presented by swift flashes, as though to match the nervous, tense play of dramatic episode and action. The stories went with an austere celerity, a kind of suppressed exhilaration of power. The longest of the *Sentimental Studies*, rich as it is in good things, has yet its *longueurs*—pages which do not bite and grip, after the fashion of *Wreckage*, while their sedulous psychology, their dextrous searchings into the motives of acts and the significances of emotions, are disproportionate to the interest of the situation. The writer's descriptions also waver between his earlier, electric, instantaneous vision and a new, patient, solicitous fulness of detail. The book contained admirable work; but its scenes and episodes in miniature were its chief excellence, rather than its more elaborate essays. His longest performance, the last story in the posthumous *Last Studies*, shows that he had it in him to use all his gifts harmoniously upon an ample scale; but it is probable that stories upon the scale of "A Conflict of Egoisms" in *Wreckage*, of "Battledore and Shuttlecock" in *Sentimental Studies*, and of the masterly "Trevor Perkins" in *Last Studies*, would have remained the happiest and most distinctive channels of his art. In some thirty pages he was master of his ironic phases of life, and could portray them with a compassionate humour playing over their disillusionments and pitiable futilities. Emphatically, his was not embittered pessimism, but a kind of haunting melancholy set at the heart of things, their dominant note; he wrote of it without protest, as without exaggeration. *Vignettes*, largely his most personal book, has no jaded Byronism nor weary Wertherism; its pages are full of joyousness and buoyancy. But there steals in the note of distrust in the stability of happiness; the sense, as he goes through the world, that this delight and that pleasure are fatally precarious. And this sense leavens his "cruellest" work with something of gentleness and consideration. "Trevor Perkins" is almost intolerably successful in its method: that shopman so futile, that shopgirl so commonplace; his fragmentary self-culture in "advanced thought" and "modern ideas," her entire absorption in

* *Last Studies*. By Hubert Crackanthorpe. (Heinemann.)

frivolous, innocent vulgarities; the conjunction of the impossible couple, the pitiable absurdity of it all, its touching and exasperating hopelessness; all this is swiftly shown as in a masterpiece of compassion, which contains no compassionate word, and seems to invite our contempt. "Cruel" such work may be: but it is a curiously tender cruelty. And, indeed, with all his passion for his art, his strenuous wrestlings with its difficulties, this was a cordial writer and a very human: he smiles at his creatures, so weakly and foredoomed, as they play their parts in the divine and human comedy. He understands their obscure griefs and troubles, like those of a child; the strain of unsatisfied desire and dim want that runs through even the best of life. There was chivalry in the creator of Maurice Radford and Anthony Garstin, both willing to bear shame undeserved for a woman's sake: there is something not wholly ignoble in the Cumbrian parson's fever fit of passion. There is sorrow, but nothing of unworthiness, in this note from *Vignettes*, made by the Bay of Salerno.

"To gaze across the black sweep of sea, on into the mystery of the night; to hear the restless waves slowly sighing through the darkness, as they beat the rocks a thousand feet beneath; to love a little so, with quiet pressure of hands, and listlessly to ponder on strange meanings of life and love and death.

"And so, amid a still serenity of dreamy sadness, to forget the mad turmoil of passion, to grow indifferent to all desire, while the heart fills full of grave gratitude towards an unknown God.

"And then, once more, to understand how life is but a little thing, and love but a passionate illusion, and to envy the sea her sighing in the days when the end shall have come."

Side by side with passages of grim, quick irony in this writer's work come passages of quiet lyrical melancholy and compassion: reveries full of a wistful gentleness, far too moving to be but youth's literary habit or mood of sadness. This never failed him, when he wrote of the "little ones" of the earth, toilers in the fields and in obscure village places; it breaks in upon his portraits of great cities astir with noise and business and sin. From first to last—so mournfully brief, so early closed, a period!—his writing had in it *soul*, an high distinction of temperament, which, with his technical power and pains, makes us feel certain of how much was lost to literature in the loss of him. *Hæu, miserando puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas!* "Born for the future, to the future lost!" We can say but that, with the especial pain of *desiderium*. But that his accomplished work, whatever be its shortcomings and flaws, will not fall into the obscurity of neglect, is the conviction of many beside those friends to whom, by a generous and gracious gift, for a treasured possession and memorial, are dedicated "these last fragments of his interrupted work."

LIONEL JOHNSON.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

V.—AN OMNIBUS DRIVER.

"FREE Libéries! Free Libéries!" he said, with a poke of the whip and a jerk of the head. "Free Libéries, supported by the people and enjoyed by the people; go in when yer like and stay as long as yer like, and when you've got 'em, why where are yer? On the top of a 'bus all day; and the most you can see of a Free Libéry is the outside, and that ain't much to look at."

He was a cheerful, garrulous driver, and had talked all the way from Piccadilly-circus, passing men and manners in review. But the sight of four or five demure young women coming out of the Free Library in the Old Brompton-road had switched his monologue from the treatment of motor-cars to the discussion of literature; and with the stimulus of an occasional note of exclamation from me his discourse flowed with scarcely an interruption till we reached the Earl's Court-road.

Reading? Oh, yes; as to reading, there wasn't any man that held with a bit of reading more than what he did. See him with the *People* when he had a Sunday off. Why, you couldn't get him away from it. Full of rich bits, it was, and it was a standing marvel where they got them all from. There wasn't any time for reading on a 'bus, especially with these bicycles about, and motor-cars, and the roads up every other week; but a chap could get a look at the paper down at that end—he nodded towards West Kensington—and nine times out of ten there was a gent on the 'bus, just where I might be, that had an evening paper he'd done with; and I took the hint with becoming promptitude. But books? The suggestion gave him a moment's pause. And then the discourse flowed again. Oh, yes, he'd read a lot in books when he was at school; all about Queen Elizabeth—1588, he added, with a reminiscent shake of the head—and he had a tidy lot of books at home that he'd picked up here and there, *Barnes's Notes on the Four Gospels* among them, and a book he had bought in penny parts, that was like a dictionary—told you all about everything. Ah! there was a lot of books—he dared say there was a book written pretty nigh every day—but they didn't come his way, and, any way, they weren't his line; a man had to earn his living; and he couldn't keep a wife and three children reading books. Yes, there were three youngsters, all boys, the eldest thirteen, and just gone into a gentleman's family, but sleeping at home. Oh! they didn't care about books; but stories—Lord! you should see them when he had an evening free. Well, they *were* books when you came to talk sense. There was the *Switch Family Robinson* that he'd had ever since he wasn't higher than them railings, and the youngsters liked hearing him read that better than their prizes, and they'd got a lot of prizes, mind you! And there was another book that he'd been given by the parson's daughter at Luton, because he knew such a lot of poetry; "A wet sheet and a flowing sea" he had recited, and "For ever, never, never, for ever," and the

parson's daughter she got married—somewhere in the Injies—and— Ever hear of that book? About Jack—and Peterkin—and they got wrecked on an island? You should see how the youngsters liked it! And there was *Bloody Bill*—

"Ah! I said, "I know that book. It's called *The Coral Island*, and it was written by Henry Kingsley."

That might be; anyhow, if you saw him reading that to the youngsters, well, you wouldn't know him, hardly. Meredith? Hardy? No, he hadn't heard of them. Were they books—or stories? Kipling? Yes, he had heard something about him but he hadn't come his way yet. Anthony Hope? Seemed to have heard the name somewhere. But, Lord! a man who had to earn his living couldn't do much else.

"Ah! Free Libéries!" he said, as we stopped at the corner of the Earl's Court-road. "Them horses knows better than to stop at a Free Libéry." With one hand he untwisted the half-penny evening paper with which I had supplied him. With the other he accepted the glass which an aproned potman brought from the adjacent tavern.

"Pulled it off this time?" asked the potman. He handed down the glass without a word, but with two coppers inside it, and the evening paper as well. The conductor sounded his bell, and the 'bus started again. "There's some chaps," he said, "does too much reading. It ain't 'ealthy to read too much."

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY.

WE suppose that there is nothing joyous or amusing in a printer's error as such. It is a cheek and an annoyance when you discover it in time. When you do not, and it goes into print, it becomes a type of sin. For there it remains, inexpugnable, unforgettable! One printer's error, or three, in an article—which is the most annoying? It would be hard to say. A single mistake, and that mistake confined to a single letter, may pursue you through crowded mart and busy street, and go to bed with you for a whole week. Mr. Charles T. Jacobi, who has just issued an amusing collection of printers' errors and *fautes*, under the title of *Gesta Typographica* (Elkin Mathews), tells us that a French writer committed suicide when he found three hundred printer's errors in a work he had carefully revised. The mistakes were all the work of a too zealous proof-reader. Very illogically, he refrained from murdering the reader, and took his own life instead. It must be allowed on his behalf that no kind of error is so maddening to a writer as the inserted error. It is hard to forgive a printer's reader who does not save you from ignominy when you have passed an obvious mis-spelling; but it is ten times harder to forgive the reader who turns critic at the eleventh hour, and revises your composition as it goes to machine. Mr. William Black has told us how the printers insisted, after he had made the correction three times, on making one of his heroines

die of "opinion" instead of "opium." "What is this," exclaimed a compositor who was expecting to be promoted to a readership shortly: "'Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks!' Impossible! He means, of course, 'Sermons in books, and stones in the running brooks.'" And a new reading of Shakespeare appeared next morning. Asporting compositor thought "Cricket on the Hearth" must be a slip of the pen. He made it "Cricket on the Heath," and, says Mr. Jacobi, who must have his wheeze, "another gray hair was added to the editor's whitening head." A writer on angling had the joy of seeing his sentence, "the young salmon are beginning to run," printed "the young salmon are beginning to swim"; another thoughtful compositor having been at work. Happier was the transformation of the sentence, "Bring me my toga," into "Bring me my togs."

We strike a less subtle vein of humour in the story of the editor who wrote during an election: "The battle is now opened"; the compositor spelt "battle" with an "o," and the other side said, of course, that they had suspected it from the first. It was by a similar mistake that the late Baker Pasha, who might fairly be described as a "battle-scarred veteran," was called a "battle-scare veteran," the libel being by no means purged when the newspaper called the gallant officer a "bottle-scarred veteran." Some of Mr. Jacobi's stories are to be taken *cum grano salis*; or, what is the same thing, they are to be considered as coming, vaguely, from "the provinces"; but the stories that need most salt need least apology. Owing to an error in printing, the announcement, "A sailor, going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation," became "A sailor going to see his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." It is not necessary to believe this in order to enjoy it. The statement, "Messrs. —'s Preserves cannot be beaten," was rather vitiated as an advertisement by the omission of "b" in the last word. "Decidedly unpleasant" was the typographical error which made a portion of certain wedding invitations read, "Your presents are requested." They were desired, no doubt, but "Your presence is requested" was the intended message. More innocently gay was the newspaper report which said that the London express had knocked down a cow and cut it into "calves."

Mr. Jacobi tells his stories with trimmings galore, none perhaps very new. There are, for instance, certain dismissal stories. "You've ruined me," said the Editor; "I wrote that when Mrs. — lectured on dress she wore nothing that was remarkable. You have printed it: 'She wore nothing. That was remarkable!' Get your money and go." Howbeit, compositors are not dismissed for mistakes of that kind. A manager can hardly dismiss a man who has merely added to the gaiety of "the provinces." To many people the abundance of printers' errors is still a mystery. It would cease to be so if they paid a daily visit to a composing room for one week. The dim light, the oppressive air, and the delirious handwritings with

which a compositor has to contend are explanation enough. Mere man cannot reduce chaos to order at one stroke, and to reduce chaos to order is the compositor's perpetual task. No wonder he ranks badly in the tables of longevity. No wonder if he is missed at his case some foggy morning, like the poor "comp." of whom his own companions declared, in a trade organ, that they had "docked his beer," when, alas! it was his "bier" they had "decked."

THE BOOK MARKET.

BOOK HUNGER IN THE EAST END.

ON a November night, when the fog is rolling up from Essex, and the coloured lamps of the tramcars slide like ships' lights into the gloom, the Mile End-road is the place in which to feel the vastness of London. Suddenly, breaking the miles of brick, the People's Palace is beaming on your left. Its outstanding clock-tower, electrically lighted approaches, and mosaics of warmly coloured bills announcing classes, concerts, meetings, and what not, make it a village of light. Three nights ago I sought the secretary, Mr. C. E. Osborn, and he was good enough to tell me something about the Palace Library. I was surprised to find that it is not a lending library.

"No; we have not come to that," said Mr. Osborn, as we walked through a gorgeous show of chrysanthemums grown in the back gardens of Stepney, Poplar, and Canning Town; "but you are aware, perhaps, that we are in treaty with the Vestry of Mile End Old Town for the conversion of the library into a Public Free Library for Mile End."

"Yes, I have heard something of the kind. What is the position?" I asked, as we entered the large octagonal library. I was surprised by its handsome architectural features. The room is arranged somewhat on the plan of the British Museum Reading Room, but it is of course smaller; and not much provision is made for writing. Newspaper stands encircle the room; within there are tables for readers; and the innermost circle is occupied by the librarian's desk and counter. A high gallery runs round the building, giving access to the bookshelves by attendants; and every now and again you are astonished to see a substantial mahogany box travel from the circumferential gallery down to the centre of the room. It suggests levitation, precipitation, and Mahatmas, until you perceive a wire. By this device for conveying books from the shelves to the counter, where they are awaited by readers, much labour is saved. I have said the room is architecturally handsome; it is also fairly well supplied with pictures, among which Mr. F. Goodall, R.A.'s large painting, "By the Sea of Galilee," has a conspicuous place. Moreover, I shall have to visit the People's Palace again, if only to study a splendid old map of East London of a hundred years ago, or, at least, of a date when to speak of Mile End Old Town would not have seemed an anachronism. Each angle of the octagon is adorned with a

bust. The eight men thus honoured in the People's Palace Library are Johnson, Milton, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Dryden, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron. I gathered from Mr. Osborn that the trustees of the Palace are anxious to take advantage of the fact that the inhabitants of Mile End Old Town have demanded a Free Lending Library. The trustees would like to place this large and well-adapted room at the disposal of the Vestry, together with its 13,000 books, for £100 a year. In this sum would be included payment for lighting, heating, and cleaning. The Vestry, or certain members, raise objections, and the negotiations are somewhat dragging. Meanwhile, the East End people pour through the library turnstiles all day and all evening, and testify by their numbers to the hunger for good reading which prevails down East.

"Well, then," I said to Mr. Osborn, "this is not a lending library; and the reading that is done here is done at these tables, by the people whom I see occupying them now?"

"That is so. The reading is done here."

"Can you give me an idea of the kind of books which are called for in a single typical week?"

"Certainly," and Mr. Osborn placed in my hands a carefully kept book from which I took the following figures. These show the number of books called for in the various departments of literature, in one week, by the People's Palace readers.

Fiction	444
Science	30
History	29
Miscellaneous	29
General Reference	23
Fine Arts	22
Travels	20
Technological	18
Biography	16
Poetry	15
English Literature	14
Philosophy	12
Mathematics	12
Theology	10
Languages	10

Total 704

Mr. Osborn gave me to understand that the demand for poetry in the above week was unusually heavy for some reason: "We have very little demand for Poetry, as a general rule."

"And how many people come here in a week?"

"Ten thousand and more. Of course, a great many come only to read the papers and periodicals. We are open, you know, on Sundays after three o'clock; and a great many lonely men and women come here then, to kill time. We have a big rush every morning when we open at half-past eight. Hundreds of men are then taking the breakfast hour, and are anxious to see the morning paper."

"I see that you have been compelled to place a notice up warning readers of the legal consequences of malicious injury to property."

"Yes; I am sorry to say it has been necessary, though the cases of such injury have not been many, considering that any-

body may walk in here at his pleasure. Advertisements are cut out of newspapers; it is rarely anything worse than that. About twelve months ago a page of the *Daily Chronicle* used to disappear morning after morning—always the same page—and it vanished with clockwork regularity. I had a watch kept; and we had to make a police-court example of the offender. The curious thing was, that the man offered no sort of excuse for his depredations."

"Are you able to keep the library supplied with the newer literature?"

"No, I am sorry to say we are not. We are about four years behindhand. The fact is, that the library suffers by reason of the great cost of other departments. We have technical classes for two or three thousand men and boys, and the maintenance of these is a very costly matter. The library is undoubtedly pinched; and that is one reason why I am anxious to see it converted into a Public Lending Library under the Act."

W. W.

THE PUBLISHING SEASON.

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES.

THE *Author* has a very good statistician on its staff. This writer has just made an analysis of the books of this season. The results are interesting, and we make the following abstract of the very full table published by our contemporary. Here, for example, are the totals of various classes of books newly published or now in preparation.

Theological	221
Classical	181
Mathematics	54
Scientific	214
History and Biography	243
Essays	20
Poetry	86
Fiction	506
Drama	23
Architecture	17
Art	31
Music	3
Letters and Reminiscences	71
Children's Books	178
Literature	45
Sports	48

Total ... 1,941

Our contemporary's figures also show the number of books issued by respective firms. Here is the list of firms issuing more than fifty books this autumn:

Macmillan & Co.	93
Cambridge University Press	92
Cassell & Co.	74
Chatto & Windus	70
Swan Sonnenschein & Co.	66
Clarendon Press	64
Longmans, Green & Co.	61
Methuen & Co.	59
Sampson Low, Marston & Co.	57
W. Heinemann	56
Bliss, Sands & Co.	54
S. W. Partridge	53

Apropos of the ever-growing list of new publishers, the writer remarks: "There are now sixty-five on the list. It is beginning, in fact, to be found out that publishing is about the best business going."

AN ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE.

[In his letter last week Mr. G. Bernard Shaw remarked: "I think an Academy of Letters should consist exclusively of men of letters—that is to say, men who write for the sake of writing, and not men who use the pen solely in order to convey information or spread ideas." In the letter that follows Mr. Shaw expands this idea by our request.]

SIR,—All that is necessary in order to get your Academy composed exclusively of men of letters is to strike out of your list about sixteen names of eminent men or popular novelists and dramatists who are clearly not eligible, and replace them with the best sixteen of the names which have been suggested by your correspondents; and even then you will be astonished at the obviousness of some of the men whom both you and your correspondents have overlooked. For instance, F. J. Furnivall, W. M. Rossetti, and Buxton Forman. No man has such a record to show for disinterested hard work, both as practical literary scholar and militant propagandist of literature as Furnivall: to omit him would be to take the side of the literary snobs and *faineants* against the literary doers and fighters. Again, there is Prof. Robert Tyrrell, an almost glaringly eligible academician, whom nobody has mentioned. There is Mr. W. S. Lilly, who should be included for many reasons. There is Mr. Ellis, the author of the *Shelley Concordance*; and Mr. Thomas Tyler, who has done most of the real work that has been accomplished in reading the riddle of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and divined the rest. There is Mr. Rowbotham, whose *History of Music* marked him out as a literary virtuoso of the first order. The claims of Mr. Churton Collins are pretty evident; and Mr. Frank Harris is only disqualified by the need for keeping him outside to take the custodians into custody on occasion. Add those names suggested by your correspondents, which you clearly omitted only by oversight: Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, Stopford Brooke, Frederic Harrison, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Vernon Lee, Mr. Sidney Lee, editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography* (who ought to be a member *ex officio*), and Prof. Dowden; and you have your sixteen replacers for the sixteen least eligible in your own list, with as many more suggestions still available to save you from having to fall back on the flagrant misuse of your chairs as superfluous booty for people who have written famous books. I see that Captain Mahan has been suggested: the wonder is that Lord Roberts escaped, so little do most professional authors seem to understand what is meant by an Academy of Letters.

A very obvious politician, whom nobody seems to have thought of, is Mr. Leonard Courtney. If Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Rosebery are included—and I see no reason why they should not be—Mr. H. M. Hyndman has parallel claims, in addition to that of being a very brilliant penman. And what about Mr. Greenwood? Would anyone question Prof. York Powell's eligibility? If the most characteristic of the modern democratic developments of poetry is to be represented, Mr. Edward Carpenter is available. In short, if you take your list, my list, and the suggestions of your other correspondents, you will be able to make two Academies out of them, both better than the one you suggest.

How would it do to elect twenty by voting on the Hare system, conferring the franchise, to the best of your judgment, on all whom you think worthy of it, and then let the twenty co-opt their colleagues?—Yours truly,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

London: Nov. 17, 1897.

SIR,—Those of your readers who are interested in the suggested Academy of Letters should certainly read the paper entitled "An Election at the English Academy," which appeared anonymously in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1891, and after being attributed to various well-known writers was included by Mr. Edmund Gosse in his *Questions at Issue*, published in 1893.

This "Lucianic Sketch" takes the form of a letter from one of the Forty to Robert Louis Stevenson, R.E.A., Samoa, describing a meeting which had been held to fill a vacancy in the original numbers caused by the death of Kinglake, at which meeting thirty-seven members had attended, the only absentee besides Stevenson himself having been Mr. Ruskin. The election was originally supposed to lie between Thomas Hardy and Samuel Rawson Gardiner, but it transpires that the Archbishop of Canterbury has been nominated at the last moment, a fact which is generally deplored, the Duke of Argyll fearing that "he will not have more than—than—perhaps one vote."

The result of the election is that the Archbishop is triumphantly elected on the first ballot!

The following is the list of the members forming the English Academy in 1891, in the order in which they are introduced into the sketch:

Stevenson.	Freeman.
Kinglake (deceased).	Froude
Ruskin.	Lord Salisbury.
Max Müller.	Lord Cross (?)
Seeley.	Huxley.
Lecky.	Tyndall.
Besant.	Dr. Martineau.
Black.	Irving.
H. Spencer.	Lord Wolseley.
Lord Lytton.	Meredith.
A. J. Balfour.	Blackmore.
Lang.	Jowett.
Leighton.	Swinburne.
Jebb.	Wm. Morris.
Leslie Stephen.	Tennyson.
Gladstone.	F. Harrison.
Bishop of Oxford.	Cardinal Manning.
Sala.	Farrar.
Duke of Argyll.	John Morley.
	Lord Selborne.

And the writer of the letter.

Mr. Gosse says in the preface to his book that "already death has been busy with my ideal Academy, and no dreamer of 1893 could summon together quite so admirable a company as was still citable in 1891." On reading the list at the present time, the loss in six years strikes one as being quite remarkable.—I am, yours faithfully,

J. E. P. H.

St. Margaret's Lodge, Kilburn:
Nov. 12, 1897.

SIR,—I have been spending a few hours to-day in carefully going over the names suggested by you, and your correspondents, on the subject of an Academy of Letters.

I find there are six names which have not had one single objection raised against them—they are John Morley, A. C. Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, Leslie Stephen, W. E. H. Lecky, S. R. Gardiner—and to these I must add the name of J. A. H. Murray, because I was the only objector, and although as editor of the *New Dictionary* is the only connexion in which I know Dr. Murray's name, that alone was sufficient for me to include his name in the list I sent you suggesting eighty as the number of members for the foundation of the Academy.

Now, Sir, I find there are seven names, with

only one objector each—these are George Meredith, W. W. Skeat, G. O. Trevelyan, R. D. Blackmore, Herbert Spencer, Bishop Creighton, and Bishop Stubbs. Therefore I think that we shall be agreed on at least fourteen out of the forty members of the Academy, as I take one objection need not count.

In addition to these, I think you must allow me the pleasure of seeing included the following four names supported by at least two other correspondents besides myself. I give the names below, with the number of supporters: Max Müller (five), James Martineau, Frederic Harrison (four), Walter Besant (three). If you will allow these names to pass we shall be agreed upon eighteen members, and I think I may safely add the following, on account of the objections to them being captious criticism: W. E. Gladstone, John Ruskin, James Bryce, Andrew Lang, William Archer, and Rudyard Kipling.

A "Lonely Reader" objects to critics being included, yet Sardou, Sully-Prudhomme, François Coppée, and others of the French Academy (Académie Française) are as keen critics as Andrew Lang or William Archer, and still are members of the Academy.

Five other names included in your list, have been blackballed (if I may use the term) in the following manner: Duke of Argyll, George Macdonald, and A. W. Pinero (three), Aubrey de Vere and W. E. Henley (two); but I feel convinced that a larger correspondence than that published by you to-day will induce you to retain the names mentioned, in which case twenty-nine names will be decided upon; but if the Duke of Argyll and Aubrey de Vere do not maintain their places (and I consider them the least likely), I think Henry Sidgwick and William Watson (four votes) should be "placed" in their stead, and, in any case, all four will, I think, in the end be included in the list of forty Immortals.

This now leaves fifteen names of your original list which have been criticised. I give a list of new names suggested by one or more correspondents:

Ed. Caird, Robinson Ellis, A. J. Balfour, Bishop Westcott (three votes); Prof. Courthorpe, Prof. Saintsbury, Dean Farrar, Lord Acton, Oscar Wilde, Alfred Austin, Capt. Mahan, Watts-Dunton, Prof. Mahaffy, Augustin Birrell, Prof. Dowden, Samuel Smiles, Francis Galton, Russell Wallace, David Masson, Goldwin Smith, J. G. Geikie, Bishop Barry, St. George Mivart, Stopford Brooke, Henry Wace, Charles Dilke, Archibald Sayce (two votes).

It is impossible for me to name any more, so many seem equally entitled to be placed; and I think, Sir, you will come to the conclusion that it will be necessary to make the number of members at foundation eighty, as I suggested in my last letter.—Very faithfully yours,

JOHN E. YERBURY.

Ryde, I. of W.: Nov. 14, 1897.

SIR,—Many are reading the expressions of opinion on your scheme with fear and hope—taking it seriously. As one of these, may I express an opinion myself?

Like most of your correspondents, I think your list, on the whole, a good one, but should like to see Lord Acton, the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. George Gissing, and the author of *Court Royal and Mehalah* included.

I think one of your correspondents touches most admirably, though perhaps unconsciously, the greatest of your difficulties. "I would not give one chapter of *Tom Jones*," he says, "for a wilderness of *Sentimental Tommies*." No one is likely to demand the sacrifice. It is not necessary to have read these books to see the further weakness of your correspondent's argument, for

Yours is not a question of exchange and comparison as between the dead and the living. And if there should ever be a thousand good books in the world, we have room for them all. But your correspondent voices a sentiment common, no doubt, to a majority of would-be Academy-builders—a sentiment you are not likely to regard as a deterrent, for, in any case, you will never satisfy everybody.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT MORRAH.

Nov. 13, 1897.

SIR,—The following important names are omitted from your list: Edward Caird (Master of Balliol), Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Mr. F. H. Bradley (the great philosopher), Prof. Alfred Marshall (the greatest of our political economists), Principal Lloyd Morgan, Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, Mr. A. R. Wallace, Lord Acton, William Watson, John Davidson, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Dr. James Ward (the great psychologist), Dr. Henry Jackson (the distinguished Platonist), Dr. James Martineau, Mr. Francis Galton.

A. R. M.

University of Edinburgh: Nov. 15.

SIR,—The provisional list published in your issue of the 6th seems, the longer one considers it, in many ways admirable and ingenious. It certainly contrives what must be almost an essential premiss, that such a body should display the soundest probabilities of self-respect. But it excludes a few names that not only satisfy this requirement to the full, but are, one may be allowed to think, of an individual weight and distinction that demand recognition. One can hardly overlook Lord Acton, Mr. F. Harrison, Mr. Robert Bridges, and Prof. Masson; while Dr. Garnett, Prof. Dowden, and Mr. George Gissing have much to be said for them, and if the Academy's functions are to be purely judicial, Prof. Saintsbury is a real omission. As regards the names that might be deleted, one hardly would dogmatise, but Dr. Salmon, Rev. A. Gasquet, Duke of Argyll, and W. S. Gilbert seem among the likeliest.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN PURVES.

[Among the letters that have appeared in the daily press *appropos* of our suggested list for an Academy of Letters, we may quote the following practical proposal by Mr. F. H. Trench. The communication, of which this is an extract, was published in the *Daily News*:]

"Let Mr. Arthur Balfour, as First Lord of the Treasury, nominate a small committee of, say, six or eight men of letters, who would indisputably be members of any academy.

"Let these themselves freely nominate the remainder of the body, proceeding on the two principles that the work to be honoured must be, in any case, good literature—that is,

"(1) It must be couched in a language which, however original, shall in itself be noble, admirable, and sincere.

"(2) In substance these works must be works faithful to the serious truths of the imagination and intelligence. (This definition would include such purely emotional work as that of Pierre Loti, with the intellectual books of Dr. Martineau.)

"(3) Let this body meet periodically for discussion in rooms in Burlington House, if no other house can be assigned to them.

"(4) Let them consider it their duty to protect the honour of British literature; to promote and encourage literary talent; to confer distinguishing marks of merit on literary works which have been previously published for at least a year; and to advise Ministers (who are at present without proper advice) in the award of pensions out of the funds already existing

for that purpose. The issue of a brief annual gazette would be a useful part of their functions.

"As regards endowment for this body, I conceive that beyond the provision of a house for meeting there had better be little or none. But on that score certainly there need be no difficulty in this country."

MR. ROBERTSON LAWSON writes:—"May I add my humble testimony to the general approval of your list of Immortals—with one addition? Surely as a novelist Marion Crawford is worthy of a place."

THE WEEK.

AN average week. We select three books for special mention.

Such a book as *New Letters of Napoleon I.* carries its justification in its title. These letters are translated by Lady Mary Lloyd, who prefaces them with this interesting explanation.

"It is well known to all students of Napoleon's history that the collected Letters published in Paris, under the direction of the Commission appointed by Napoleon III. to edit and arrange his uncle's Correspondence, were by no means complete. Interesting and valuable as the twenty-eight volumes are, they are often reticent just where the reader most wishes for illumination. The causes of their *lacune* are not far to seek. The work was to be a sort of literary Vendôme Column, setting forth the glory and the greatness of the *chef de famille*. The appointment of Prince Napoleon as President of the Committee ensured the suppression not only of evidence that might reflect unpleasantly on Napoleon's personal character, but of anything that might dim the lustre of the Napoleon epic as a whole, by detracting from the dignity of his nearest relatives and most trusted agents. The Commission accordingly set aside many letters of extraordinary interest—letters dealing with Napoleon's relations with his own family, his violent conflict with the Pope, his high-handed methods for the Gallicising of conquered States, or containing trenchant criticisms on the capacity and conduct of famous generals and highly placed officials."

When it is said that the Letters contained in this volume are precisely those which were suppressed by the French Commission it will be seen that their piquancy is guaranteed. Cromwell insisted that his historic wart should appear in his portrait. This volume emphasises the warts and blemishes in Napoleon's features.

DR. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP has written a biography of John Donne. It is delightfully short—it contains 231 pages—but the publishers have been not the less careful to make the volume light in the hand. Dr. Jessopp is an old disciple of Donne, with this curious flaw in his allegiance, that he has never cared greatly for Donne's poetry. Of Donne the divine Dr. Jessopp has been a student for fifty years. In 1855 he issued a reprint of Donne's *Essays in Divinity*, and

"the critics said that the volume was aburdly overloaded with foolish notes and an unnecessary display of learning. I think the critics were right. When young men are in the happy twenties they are apt to 'show off,' especially

if they are solitary students; and I confess that to this day, when I have occasion to look into the small pages of that little bantling of mine, I felt as Mr. Pendennis felt when recurring to one of his early reviews—nothing astonished him so much as the erudition which he found he had amassed in his first attempts in criticism."

It is startling to find Dr. Jessopp hereupon confessing that "since those days I have quite given up my old interest in the life and works of Dr. Donne." But this is only his way of indicating that he hopes to see an exhaustive Life (for preference, by Mr. Edmund Gosse) published at no distant date. Meanwhile—"I have been glad to draw up the following sketch." The volume has for its frontispiece the portrait of Donne prefixed to Izaak Walton's *Life*, of which composition Dr. Jessopp says: "It is a matchless work of art, which if you try to mend you can only spoil." But then Izaak was more picturesque than accurate; so that between the Life of Donne that Walton wrote and the Life of Donne that Mr. Gosse has not written, Dr. Jessopp takes leave to wedge this little book of nine chapters.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE and his daughter have compiled an anthology of *Poems of the Love and Pride of England*. The idea is happy, and this is what Mr. Wedmore writes about its inception:

"Some three or four years since, when—strange as it may appear in the light of those celebrations of loyalty and thanksgiving which have been witnessed in the summer that has just passed—there were still to be found in certain corners of England, either suburban or academic, superior persons who held that sentiments of pride and joy in the land were quite unworthy their intelligence, it occurred to me as curious that for a public on the whole duly instructed in Religion, and doubtless self-instructed in Love, there had not been provided any gentle body of teaching in Patriotic Virtue. . . . To my deep sense of that which was so singularly lacking is due this volume."

The volume comes in a dress of white and gold that is tasteful; but we should have expected something more robust. Miss Wedmore is solely responsible for the notes, which are placed, we think a little unfortunately, at the foot of the pages instead of at the end of the book.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- THE CRITICAL REVIEW. Vol. VII. T. & T. Clark. 7s.
UNIVERSITY AND OTHER SERMONS. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
LIGHT AND LEAVES. By H. Hensley Henson. Methuen & Co. 6s.
THE MYSTERIES, PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN: THE HULSWAN LECTURES. By S. Cheetham, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 5s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- A SHORT HISTORY OF HAMPTON COURT. By Ernest Law, B.A. George Bell & Sons. 7s. 6d.
INSPECTOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES RANALD MARTIN. By Surgeon-General Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.
THE LIFE OF FREDERICK RICHARDS WYNN, D.D., BISHOP OF KILLALOE. By James HADDAY, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.
WELLINGTON: HIS COMRADES AND CONTEMPORARIES. By Major Arthur Griffiths. George Allen. 12s. 6d.
AMERICAN LANDS AND LETTERS: THE "MAYFLOWER" TO REP-VAN-WINKLE. By Donald G. Mitchell. J. M. Dent & Co. 7s. 6d.

THE RISE OF DEMOCRACY. By J. Holland Rose, M.A. Blackie & Son.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NELSON. By W. Clark Russell. James Bowden.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND. By John Henry Overton, D.D. 2 vols. Gardner, Darton & Co. 12s.

NEW LETTERS OF NAPOLEON I. From the French by Lady Mary Lloyd. William Heinemann.

A SHORT HISTORY OF BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY. By Hugh Edward Egerton. Methuen & Co. 12s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED. By T. D. Atkinson. Macmillan & Co. 21s.

CROWN JEWELS: A BRIEF RECORD OF THE WIVES OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS. With a Preface by Lady Herbert of Lea. Elliot Stock. 6s.

OLD HARROW DAYS. By J. G. Cotton Minchin. Methuen & Co. 5s.

TWELVE YEARS IN A MONASTERY. By Joseph McCabe. Smith, Elder & Co. 5s.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

BALLADS OF THE FLEET, AND OTHER POEMS. By Rennell Rodd. Edward Arnold.

MODERN PAINTERS. By John Ruskin. New issue. George Allen. 9s.

VERSES FANCIES. By Edward L. Lovett. Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.

POEMS NOW FIRST COLLECTED. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Gay & Bird. 6s.

A WINDOW IN LINCOLN'S INN. By Addison M'Leod. Kegan Paul. 5s.

POEMS. By a New Zealander. Kegan Paul. 5s.

SONG AND THOUGHT. By Richard Yates Sturgeon. George Redway.

DRIFT WOOD: VERSES AND LYRICS. By Helen Marion Burnside. Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d.

SCIENCE.

THE HERBERTIAN PSYCHOLOGY APPLIED TO EDUCATION. By John Adams, M.A. Isbister & Co. 3s. 6d.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY. By R. H. Adie, M.A., and T. B. Wood, M.A. 2 vols. Kegan Paul.

THE CONCISE KNOWLEDGE ASTRONOMY. By Agnes M. Clerke, A. Fowler, and J. Eillard Gore. Hutchinson & Co. 5s.

ART BOOKS.

THE ART OF PAINTING IN THE QUEEN'S REIGN. By A. G. Temple, F.S.A. Chapman & Hall. £3 3s.

AQUITAINE: A TRAVELLER'S TALKS. By Wickham Flower, F.S.A. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Chapman & Hall. £3 3s.

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THE LOST GOLD OF THE MONTEZUMAS. By W. O. Stoddard. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.

THE DUMPIES. By Frank Ver-Beck and A. B. Paine. Kegan Paul. CINDERELLA: A PLAY IN FOUR SCENES; and, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: IN FIVE SCENES. By "Santos." A. D. Innes & Co. BREAKING THE RECORD. By M. Douglas. 2s.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY: THE ART OF DEER-STALKING. By William Scrope. Edward Arnold. 15s.

HASTINGS BY CAMERA AND IN CANTO. By John Morgan. Burfield & Pennells (Hastings). WILD TRAILS IN TAME ANIMALS. By Louis Robinson. W. Blackwood & Sons.

THE AUTHORITIES OF THE ODYSSEY. By Samuel Butler. 10s. 6d.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN NATURE. By Joseph William Reynolds. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

ANGLES'S LIBRARY: COARSE FISH. By Charles H. Wheeley. SsA FINE. By F. G. Afalo. Lawrence & Bullen. MEN OF

WAR NAMES: THEIR MEANING AND ORIGIN. By Captain Prince Louis of Battenberg. Edward Stanford. 6s.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF '97. DAWBART & WARD, LTD. RACING AND CHASING: A COLLECTION OF SPORTING STORIES. By Alfred M. T. Watson. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

WITH NATURE AND A CAMERA. By Richard Kearton. Cassell & Co. 21s.

TO BE HAD IN REMEMBRANCE. Compiled by A. E. Chance. Elliot Stock. A TEXT-BOOK OF GENERAL BOTANY. By Charlton C. Curtis. Longmans, Green & Co. 12s.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE: A BOOK FOR ARCHITECTS AND THE PUBLIC. By H. Heathcote Statham. Chapman & Hall. RAILWAY NATIONALIZATION. By Clement Edwards. Methuen & Co. 2s. 6d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' MEMORIAL TABLETS.

Author's Club, S.W.: Nov. 13.

A slight error has crept into your interesting list of medallions attached to London houses as mementoes of illustrious persons. Notwithstanding frequent agitation in the Press, there is now no tablet in Holles-street to mark the site of the birthplace of Lord Byron. Upon the walls of No. 24—originally No. 16, according to Mr. Laurence Hutton—a record did exist for many years; but it disappeared when the house was razed for the second time in 1892, and has never been reinstated. The present owner and occupier of the premises has more than once promised to do this. It was stated in April last that he was "only waiting to decide upon a suitable memorial to put one up to the late poet." Of course the fact of No. 24 Holles-street being only the site of where a notable event occurred detracts, in some measure, from its value as a literary landmark. Still it seems a pity no indication whatever should appear thereon. To extend your general list—to the outer wall of "Belmont," Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, has been affixed, by the Society of Arts, a tablet to Sir Harry Vane, statesman, and I believe it is in contemplation to add the name of Dr. Joseph Butler, the divine, who also resided there. A plaque is exhibited upon "Combe Edge," Froggnal, in the same parish, where Mrs. Rundle Charles died last year. But this was the result of private appreciation and enterprise.

CECIL CLARKE.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for drawing our attention to the position of matters in Holles-street in regard to the Byron medallion. We agree with him in thinking that the medallion might be fixed to the house which has replaced Byron's residence. There is a precedent for this in Leicester-square, where a medallion to Hogarth is to be seen not upon the actual house he lived in, which has disappeared, but upon its successor, Archbishop Tennison's School. The tablet on Sir Harry Vane's house at Hampstead was mentioned by our contributor at the beginning of his article.]

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Style." THE critics join in a chorus of praise of this book. They agree that Mr. Raleigh's own style is too flowery; his metaphors too many and luxuriant. Yet the *Times* is not of this opinion; its critic thinks Mr. Raleigh's book of 129 pages contains "no superfluous line or word," and he describes it as "gay with quaintnesses and unexpected epigrams." Both the *Times* and the *Speaker* critics are struck by Mr. Raleigh's insight

into the individuality and living variability of words. Says the *Speaker*:

"His theme is words, and for words Mr. Raleigh has a grand passion. . . . It is one of this author's great merits that the marvel and the mystery of words have been fully revealed to him."

The *St. James's Gazette* dwells rather on Mr. Raleigh's theory of style as a whole:

"But generally, what constitutes Mr. Raleigh's signal merit in his treatment of his difficult subject is his catholicity in the recognition of the different elements of style, and its diverse virtues and graces. He is not given over to any special school of 'stylists.' He knows there is music in style, but he knows also that there must be a great deal besides. He knows there is an architecture of style, yet knows, too, how small a part of the total effect can be compassed by the architecture of phrase and paragraph. He does not ignore the pictorial art in literary style, but he discerns how absurdly its range has in some epochs and by some schools been over-estimated. On a dozen well-worn topics—on slang, on archaism, on the trite antithesis of classic and romantic, on the doctrine of the *mot propre*, on quotation—Mr. Raleigh is as sensible as he is vivacious, and indeed his essay is as brimful of discerning criticism and fruitful suggestion as it is throughout lively and inspiring."

The *Chronicle* is more severe than the foregoing. This critic thinks the essay is "rather a brilliant enumeration of topics than a really helpful discussion of the subject." But Mr. Raleigh "has the root of the matter in him." The following passage of Mr. Raleigh's is quoted: "Words may safely veer to every wind that blows, so they keep within hail of their cardinal meanings, and drift not beyond the scope of their central employ, but when once they lose hold of that, then, indeed, the anchor has begun to drag, and the beach-comber may expect his harvest." On this the *Chronicle* remarks:

"This is not an image, but a nightmare. Words are ships; their cardinal meaning (literally their hinge-meaning) is something outside them, 'within hail' of which they must keep; when once they (ships) 'lose hold of' the 'scope' (aim or outlook) of their 'central employ,' the anchor has begun to drag, and the 'beach-comber' (apparently used, quite wrongly, in the sense of 'wrecker') may expect his harvest. Of course, we can see more or less clearly what the writer means, but it is in spite of his imagery, not by its aid. And even the intention of the last phrase eludes us entirely. Admitting that a word can lose hold of the scope of its employ, and drift on a lee-shore, what is the harvest the beach-comber can expect from its wreck? This beach-comber baffles us—'que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?'"

THE *Chronicle's* review of this book, which it calls "A Master's Legacy," is a kind of farewell appreciation of Morris as a prose-writer. The reviewer thinks, moreover, that this tale is Mr. Morris's best romance:

"All the master's characteristics are here, and are at their best. We find in it the unconditional imagination, calling up a succession of exact and detailed pictures of a life which never has been, nor ever could be, found, and yet in him appears as natural and inevitable as

the course of dreams to the dreamer. We find the intense love of pleasure and of beauty in all her forms, from the woods and white-walled cities down to the decoration and embroideries of a beautiful life, the stitching of ladies' shoes and smocks, all as exquisitely wrought as the armour of their knights."

The reviewer continues, with more feeling:

"And in his devotion to things of beauty and delight we find him also avoiding all the ugliness and commonplace of our common daily life under the daily sun; yet not so much avoiding them as writing as though they were not. Even on distress and noble sorrow and mourning he hardly brings himself to dwell, though there is plenty of cause for it in his tale. His ladies are exceeding pitiful indeed, their eyes are often full of tears, and well they know the pain of longing. His knights and craftsmen, and even priests, suffer almost to madness of the same. Yet all are too healthy a breed to spend much length of time in lamentation, and it is as the wise wood-mother says to the sweet lady of the book: 'I have noted in thee that Love is not so tyrannous a master but that his servants may whiles think of other matters, and so solace their souls, that they may live despite of all.'"

As to Mr. Morris's quaint English—that bugbear of the critics—the *Chronicle's* pronouncement is certainly unanswerable:

"From the master who has so enriched us we take it with hardly a smile. But should anyone seek to imitate the master in this, we do him to wit and give him rede, that be he quean or carle, we will take no naysay, but will seek catch of him with sax and sallet as the weird will, and between us and him shall ever be woodness and unpeace, so that should we light on him in cheaping-stead or haysel we will smite him well-favouredly into unwit and send him noseling to the earth in great dule and wanhope."

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the other hand, cannot see the story for the medium:

"The strange tongue in which Mr. William Morris chose to clothe the later works of his fancy has been a mystery to some and a stumbling-block to others. It is not, as might be ignorantly supposed, Chaucerian English. It is not English at all; that is to say, it is not a tongue which was ever spoken or written by Englishmen, or, for the matter of that, by any one else. . . . His words are chosen not for their beauty, for many of them are uncouth and inexpressive. He seems to have collected words, as other men collect curios, for their age and for their dissociation from the life of our time—for their rarity, in fact. The value of Mr. Morris's pet words is like the value of the violet enamel of Japan, or of Bristol china, a scarcity value. And only those who share the collector's enthusiasm will find any real pleasure in Mr. Morris's collection. To these, perhaps, such words will add a charm to the story of *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*."

Literature, after sketching Mr. Morris's plot, says:

"Although despite all the combats and escapes one's blood does not run faster, and though it is never impossible for the story's sake to lay the book aside, it does exercise a strong spell by its unfailing witchery and its consistent and dignified beauty of phrase and thought. . . . The true keynotes of this romance are the vivid sense of beauty, and the calm melancholy. . . . It is this pity of the wide world and the desire to turn awhile from it, that has prompted the poet through-

THE *Athenæum* says of these poems, many of which have appeared in its own columns:

"The Coming of Love, and Other Poems." By Theodore-Watts Dunton. "Throughout the volume one is struck by the success with which the author, notoriously a master of the whole *corpus poetarum*, has contrived to maintain his own individuality alike in thought, feeling, imagination, and expression. The book is singularly free from echoes. Not only the matter, but the manner is the writer's own, and the manner is distinguished especially by directness and by vigour. Mr. Watts-Dunton has meditated, felt, and imagined for himself, and has expressed himself likewise in his own way."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* agrees that Mr. Watts-Dunton's poems have "the distinctive quality of not resembling the work of any other poet."

The *Chronicle* refines this thought to the following:

"To call him an echo of this poet or that would be manifestly unjust; it cannot even be said that his method is eclectic. Our meaning is rather that his thoughts and rhythms belong to the common stock, the inexhaustible heritage, of English poetry. He is far too good a critic to write ill—grotesquely, incongruously, or even flatly. His mind is full of excellent forms and phrases for the interpretation of what he sees in nature or feels in his soul; but his vision and his feeling are not usually intense enough to generate that electricity which gives to old rhythms a new resonance and makes words rush to group themselves in vital and inevitable relations. . . . There is no line, no cadence, no image in this volume that comes upon us with a sudden thrill,

"As when a great thought strikes along the brain
And flushes all the cheek."

The *Daily News* has a very appreciative review, concluding as follows:

"As pure examples of the writer's art in colouring, structure, and all else that belongs to these gems of poetic workmanship, of which he so perfectly knows the laws, we could have nothing better than the 'Three Faustus,' which we are glad to find included in this volume. We have long regarded this as quite matchless in its way. It gives us in fine imitative verse the very qualities of the genius of three great composers—Berlioz, Gounod, and Schumann. The Faustus of Berlioz is described as the Music of Hell:

"I had a dream of wizard harps of Hell
Beating through starry worlds a pulse of pain
That held them shuddering in a fiery spell,
Yea, spite of all their songs—a fell refrain
Which, leaping from some red orchestral sun,
Through constellations and through eyeless space
Sought some pure core of bale, and finding one
(An orb whose shadows flickering on her face
Seemed tragic shadows from some comic mine,
Incarnate visions mouthing hopes and fears
That Fate was playing to the Fiend of Time),
Died in a laugh 'mid oceanic tears:
'Berlioz,' I said, 'thy strong hand makes me weep,
That God did ever wake a world from sleep.'

It is superb writing; and, though it may not be exactly the writing for our age, it has its chances for all time."

"The Water of the Wondrous Isles." By William Morris.

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Mr. W. L. COURTNEY, writing in the *Daily Telegraph* of "The Lady of Quality," says: "It is something to have written 'Through One Administration' and 'That Lass o' Lowrie's'; it is a good deal to have composed a story like 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' But it is a greater thing than all, in an age in which the dispassionate historical student begins to wonder whether woman has abandoned all her old privileges in order to compete on equal terms with men, to come a lady such as appears in 'A Lady of Quality'; a heroine wrought out of all those indefinable qualities of conquering womanhood with which we were more familiar in earlier ages than we are now."

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